PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

SEP 3 .

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. X. No. 239 (New Series) SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1935 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 361
SOCIALISTS AND SANCTIONS 364
LAVAL AND THE FRENCH PRESS. By Alexander Werth 365
A LONDON DIARY 367
THIS ENGLAND 368
THE LABOUR PARTY'S FINANCIAL POLICY.—I . . 368
SLEEPING IT OFF. By Y. Y. 369
HOW THEY BROUGHT THE BAD NEWS FROM GENEVA TO ADDIS ABABA. By Sagittarius 370
CORRESPONDENCE 370
From Lord Olivier; Archibald Robertson; Sir Leo Chiozza Money; Edgell Rickword; Eric Gill and Others; Gerald Sanger; J. G.; W. J. Turner; Ellen Wilkinson.
THE WAR MOOD IN ITALY 373
SAINT-SAËNS AND ELGAR. By W. J. Turner . . 374
PLAYS AND PICTURES . . . . . Page 375
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett . . . 377
REVIEWS:
New Novels. By Peter Quennell 378
Armaments King. By Raymond Postgate . . 380
The Medium Detective Range. By Ralph Partridge 381
Tantum Religio Potuit. By Humphry House . 382
The Countryside. By Ralph Wright . . . 384
A Guide and a Pilot. By Christopher Isherwood 384
The Marxist of the Bendlerstrasse. By Elizabeth Wiskemann 385
SHORTER NOTICES 386
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 388
CROSSWORD 390
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Toreador . . . 392

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE Committee of Five has at last completed its report. The exact terms have not been made public as we write; but from all the information to hand there seems little doubt about the main lines of the proposals. They are in effect a comprehensive plan for the supervision of Abyssinia by the League. The supervision would extend into various departments—police, finance, the courts, posts and telegraphs, education and public health. The door would be opened to foreigners for economic development, and Italy's special claims in this sphere recognised. There is talk of territorial concessions by Abyssinia to Italy compensated by grants to Abyssinia of French and British territory on the Somali coastline. Such a settlement would obviously put Abyssinia in a position of something less than absolute independence. But it would not put her under the Italian yoke, and if honestly carried out should be to her advantage as well as everybody else's. Nobody, however, expects that Mussolini will agree to this plan, though it should satisfy any legitimate claims that Italy may have. Mussolini wants war, and he wants Abyssinia as an Italian colony. He will have his war, and very probably some spectacular victories at the outset; but the end is more likely to be the collapse of The Duce than the conquest of Ethiopia. We do not make light of the danger to the world involved in his adventure; but resolute action by a united League is the surest way to avert a greater danger.

Hitler and Lithuania

At the meeting of the Reichstag hastily summoned in Nürnberg last Sunday, Hitler fulminated against Lithuania's treatment of Memel, and uttered the threat that events may "take a form which will one day be regretted on all sides." Among other unproven iniquities Lithuania is accused by German propaganda of having—with an eye on the elections to be held next Sunday week—disfranchised "thousands" of German-speaking Memellanders. Actually less than 200 people have been disfranchised, on the ground of their having engaged in disloyal activities or because they came into Memelland after the war. The remarkable fact—which throws a sinister light upon German rather than Lithuanian activities—is that nearly all the pro-German political leaders have been disfranchised because they are not Memellanders by birth, but merely immigrants since 1919. But what did Hitler really mean? The Lithuanians have for some time felt anxious lest the German army manoeuvres in East Prussia might develop into aggressive action across the Niemen. It is not likely, however, that Hitler is thinking of launching the Reichswehr into a war as yet.

The Problem of Memel

Does he then suppose that the responsible Powers—Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan—will be prepared at the present juncture to take Memel back from Lithuania and restore it to Germany? They may continue to insist on Lithuania behaving properly, but their view of what constitutes proper behaviour will naturally differ from the German view. The alternative that he is presumably hinting at is a rising of the Memel Nazis, secretly supported, of course, by Germany. But such a coup, to be successful, would obviously require to be supported—or at least accepted as a *fait accompli*—by others besides Germany. It may be that Hitler is thinking of a gamble on this chance, of testing his entente with Poland and the complaisance of the Great Powers. Russia, as appeared from the passage of arms at Geneva the other day between Mr. Litvinov and Colonel Beck, is suspicious about the Polish-German Pact. For our part, we doubt whether the Poles are anxious at this moment to plunge into a Hitlerian adventure, or to see the swastika flying over Memel at any time. Still less do we believe in the likelihood of France and Great Britain consenting to a violent upset of the *status quo*. On the other hand, a serious conflict in the Mediterranean, as Hitler no doubt calculates, might make effective intervention in the Baltic exceedingly difficult.

The Ghetto

The old maxim that "he who seeks equity must do equity" of course means nothing to the Nazis. In the same speech in which Hitler demanded justice for the Germans in Memel he gloated over his own injustice (if so mild a word can be used of this savage and senseless persecution) to a vast body of Germans at home. The Jews are already pariahs; they are now to be subjected to further penalties. Marriage or intercourse between a Jew and an "Aryan" are made punishable offences, and any such marriage contracted abroad will be null and void in Germany. No Jew is to be allowed to employ an "Aryan" woman under the age of forty-five as a domestic servant. These bans, together with the many others already in force and with the deprivation of citizenship, are what the Führer calls "ways and means by which it is possible for the German people to discover a tolerable relationship with the Jews." The question has been asked whether, if a German Jew commits what will now be a crime, by marrying a German gentile abroad, he will be liable to extradition. We do not know what the answer may be in law, but we cannot believe that in fact he would be in danger from any British Government. But it was reported the other day that the authorities in Holland had refused marriage licences to Germans, where one of the parties was a Jew.

How Far is Great Britain Committed in Europe?

Sir Samuel Hoare's pledge that Great Britain would co-operate to resist any unprovoked aggression could not have been more explicit. Yet so low has British credit fallen during Sir John Simon's period as Foreign Secretary that the French Ambassador in London at once called at the Foreign Office to ask whether Great Britain really meant what Sir Samuel Hoare said. In view of our past hesitations the French wish to know whether they can count on this country to resist possible aggression by Hitler if they throw over their new alliance with Italy at our request. Great Britain need not hesitate about an answer. We are already committed to such support as the geography and the common sense of the situation demands. But in view of Mr. Lloyd George's somewhat mischievous remarks in a Sunday paper about the inadvisability of British commitments, it may be as well to recall the formula which was adopted in Annex F. of the Locarno Treaty and later initialled on behalf of Great Britain by Mr. Baldwin, then and now Prime Minister of this country. In reply to a German inquiry as to the interpretation we put on Article 16 of the Covenant, the parties to the Locarno Pact said that, in their judgment, each is

> "bound to co-operate loyally and effectively in support of the Covenant and in resistance to any act of aggression to an extent which is compatible with its military situation and takes its geographical position into account."

This, as we understand it, is still our commitment. Our army is not involved if Hitler makes a *Putsch* in Austria, but our support is required in that as in all other cases. This pledge was reaffirmed by Sir Samuel Hoare last week and stands as an adequate definition and a sufficient answer both to Mr. Lloyd George and the French.

Laval's Home Troubles

The *Front Paysan*—everything in France seems to be a *Front* nowadays—has delivered its threatened ultimatum to M. Laval's Government. It demands an active policy for raising agricultural prices, accompanied by the total prohibition of importation of a good many foodstuffs, and drastic reductions of the permitted quotas in other cases. In default of action by the Government, it announces a general refusal by the cultivators to pay taxes, a buyers' strike against industrial suppliers, and a boycott of everyone who refuses to accept its policy. It is by no means clear how much support the *Front Paysan* can count on; but the Government's lawful remedy against a tax strike—that of distraint—can hardly be applied without provoking most serious troubles. Nor can the Government give the cultivators higher prices without reversing its entire policy, which is directed to reducing the cost of living in order to remain on the gold standard, and to relaxing import quotas in the interests of foreign trade. While the *Front Paysan* was delivering its ultimatum, M. Bonnet at Geneva was pleading for a less restrictive trade policy and announcing France's determination to cleave to the gold standard, and also pleading for an agreed scheme of international stabilisation of currencies. M. Laval has plenty of troubles to face at Geneva, but there are plenty more waiting for him at home.

The Marriage of Health and Agriculture

Mr. Bruce's ideal, "to marry health and agriculture," is to be discussed further by the League of Nations, where the proposal to set up an international commission to study the question of nutrition has now been referred to the Second Committee of the Assembly for report. Mr. Bruce is speaking, of course, mainly from the standpoint of the primary producing countries, which are in sore need of enlarged markets for their products. We referred last week to Sir John Orr's estimates at the British Association of the increased expenditure on food which an adequate standard of nutrition would involve in Great Britain, and to his proposal for subsidies to bring consumption nearer

to such a standard. If the need is great here, it is evidently greater in many other countries, and it is a matter which can be taken up by the League with great advantage, because it has an educational and propagandist aspect, as well as an immediately practical economic side. An authoritative League pronouncement on standards of nutrition would have real value; and we hope it will result from the Australian motion at Geneva. We hope, also, that we shall not allow ourselves in this country to be put off with the plea that nothing must be done for the present, because the matter is under investigation by the League.

Holland Under Deflation

Holland, like France, is getting deeper and deeper into the mire of deflation. It has been announced this week that the Budget deficit is a great deal larger than had been anticipated in earlier statements, and that the revenue is shrinking fast. There is a growing railway deficit; and the Government feels compelled to incur considerable new expenditure on strengthening the armed forces. In these circumstances the maintenance of the gold standard, to which the Government clings with as much obstinacy as ever, requires both additional taxes and further "economies." Wages and salaries of public servants are to be cut again; and there is to be a fresh survey of public expenditure. Reclamation work in the Zuyder Zee, financed mainly out of loans, is to go on in order to provide employment; and steps are to be taken to reduce import requirements by encouraging further industrialisation. In fact, the medicine taken having made the patient worse, the Government is to increase the dose, and will presumably go on increasing it until the social pressure against deflation becomes quite irresistible. Yet there is no sign of any political coalition —on Belgian lines—powerful enough to dethrone Dr. Colijn and enforce the obvious remedy of moderate devaluation.

Milk

The Milk Marketing Board has now got into a serious quarrel with the distributors over the proposed increase in wholesale milk prices payable to the Board. The distributors say that the Board overestimates their margin, and that the remedy for the present difficulties must lie in lower and not in higher prices. The Board's case is that, in face of the expansion in the supply of milk, without any corresponding growth in the demand for liquid consumption, the farmers are not getting enough out of the pool—their return being reduced by the low price of the large quantity of milk that has to be sold outside the liquid market. The distributors answer that the immediate remedy is to lower the farmer's return still further, and so reduce production within manageable limits. Lower prices, they say, will cause the liquid market to expand, and prepare the way for a resumption of larger output. On the basis of the present organisation the problem is insoluble. The Board, having encouraged a great rise in output, cannot turn round and undo its work; but the market for liquid milk cannot grow unless the price is cut. The remedy is to take the whole milk trade—wholesale dealing as well as producers' marketing—under the auspices of a public board, representing the public and not merely the producers, and to fix milk prices, if necessary with an enlarged subsidy to certain kinds of consumption, at a point that will give the farmers a tolerable return, at the same time cutting distributive costs to the minimum by improved organisation of the whole trade.

The Juvenile Shop Worker

In a very interesting address at the Industrial Welfare Conference at Oxford, Miss Miles, of the Shop Assistants' Union, exposed some of the deplorable conditions in the distributive industry. What she said was not entirely new, but it needs saying and stressing so long as the evils remain unremedied. Recent statistics show, as she pointed out, that there were this summer more persons of 14 and 15 years of age employed in the distributive trades than in any other eight industries put together. In this age group the incidence of unemployment, in the case of shop assistants, is 1 in 35. The incidence becomes even higher in subsequent age groups covering adult shop workers. It is clear that the juvenile workers are being heavily exploited in a blind-alley employment. "School leavers" are taken on and then dropped as they approach adult life and demand a higher wage, and this state of affairs of course reacts disastrously upon older people employed in the distributive trade. Miss Miles's speech was at once a plea for stronger Trade Union organisation and for the raising of the school age. With the former the Government are not directly concerned; with the latter they are—and their refusal to carry out this reform is indefensible alike on economic and on educational grounds.

Abyssinia: A "New Statesman" Pamphlet

Abyssinia, the pamphlet which THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION is publishing next Wednesday, endeavours to do two things. It gives a full and objective account of the history of the Abyssinian dispute and discusses the part played by Great Britain and other League Powers from the beginning of the dispute down to present time. Secondly, it discusses the implications of sanctions and suggests an attitude and a policy which may appeal as sane and hopeful to supporters of the Covenant who are not imperialists or, on other issues, supporters of the National Government. We believe that this pamphlet will be of great value to many people who now find themselves placed in an almost intolerable dilemma, and that it has special importance in relation to the Annual Conference of the Labour Party at Brighton at the end of this month. There is a grave danger that the Left will divide into three groups on this issue—out-and-out pacifists, sanctionists and revolutionaries. We believe that the policy suggested in this pamphlet is realistic and reasonable and that on it Labour could stand its ground. The authors of the pamphlet are the small group of experts who were responsible for the remarkable examination of the National Government's foreign policy which was published by this journal with the title of the *Dying Peace*. We anticipate a large demand for *Abyssinia*, which will be obtainable at sixpence on all bookstalls, and we urge readers to order their copies as far as possible before the date of publication.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. The postage on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1½d.; Canada, 1d.

SOCIALISTS AND SANCTIONS

SOCIALISTS and pacifists are placed in an extraordinarily difficult position. They have supported the League, not because they were under any delusion that the capitalist State changed its nature when it was represented at Geneva, but because it seemed the only available alternative to international anarchy. They have continued to support the Covenant even though the conditions under which it would have been a sure guarantee of peace have not been fulfilled. The League was to be universal and to develop a technique of peaceful change; Member States were to disarm and any aggressive Power to know that the law-breaker would immediately meet with the united opposition of the civilised world. Blow after blow has fallen to shatter this ideal. Manchuria, the disarmament fiasco, Germany's departure from Geneva and her prodigious rearmament have reduced the League to a shadow of its original design. In the case of the present Abyssinian dispute the mass of English people have held, and we believe rightly, that the League was still strong enough to prevent war. But, instead of attempting to fulfil their obligations, the French and British Governments have throughout discussed with the Duce the terms on which they were prepared to co-operate with him in destroying the independence of a Member State of the League. It was not until last week, when the Duce's preparations for war were nearing completion and when his whole regime depended on a successful issue of his adventure, that Great Britain ever made it clear that she would propose collective action to stop him.

Mussolini has then a real grievance — not against Abyssinia, but against the League Powers which have bargained with him and are still bargaining with him in spite of Sir Samuel Hoare's reminder that grievances cannot be discussed under a threat of war. It should be remembered that the Italian population have been fully informed by Mussolini's propagandists that in 1906 and 1925 Great Britain was willing enough to partition Abyssinia; they know that Great Britain is master of a fifth of the world and they regard our opposition to their "civilising mission" as sheer hypocrisy. They do not understand the subtler technique by which Great Britain has built up its empire. In his desire for glory the Duce prefers conquest to the British method in which economic concessions are followed up by "policing expeditions" and the sovereignty of a monarch formally guaranteed under the tutelage of the conquering power. They have no doubt that the change of British policy is due to a conviction that British interests are involved. They do not understand that the Englishman is quick to become an idealist when his economic interests coincide with his ideals. And the British Socialist who has watched this crisis develop with increasing misgiving must agree that motives are mixed and that our sudden enthusiasm for the Covenant is the result of a belated recognition that the Duce threatens British interests as well as Abyssinian independence and the whole structure of collective security.

The second objection which the upholder of the Covenant has to meet is that sanctions may lead to a general war and that Hitler will take the opportunity of joining hands with Mussolini. We may answer with some confidence, since Hitler is not yet prepared for war and stands, in any case, to gain far more by a waiting game. He may be able to buy important concessions from the League Powers as the price of his support in their quarrel with Italy. He will certainly make the most of Sir Samuel Hoare's hint about every nation's right to free access to raw materials; and he may think the moment ripe for pushing his demand for a British loan to Germany. He may encourage a Nazi Putsch in Austria. He may hope to regain Memel. He will stand to profit in any case by the weakening of Italy through the Abyssinian campaign, whether or no the Duce's position is complicated by economic sanctions. But none of these considerations is an argument against economic sanctions. For if the Duce is permitted to have his will in Africa the League as a defence against aggression collapses, and Hitler's dearest ambition, the destruction of the League and the separation of Great Britain from France and Russia, is accomplished at a stroke. Surely the chance of satisfying such German aspirations as are legitimate and of forming a union which will prevent German aggression is far better if the League holds together against Mussolini than if it breaks up into its component fragments and the world returns to general national rearmament, new alliances and anarchic preparation for a war which could not be delayed for many years. In that case Germany does indeed become, as Mr. Garvin fears, the arbiter of Europe's destiny.

If then we rule out as highly improbable the suggestion that Hitler will join with Mussolini in starting a general war, what is the probable result of the economic sanctions to which the League is now fully committed? If these sanctions are confined to a refusal to send basic raw materials to Italy they will have no immediate effect on Mussolini's Abyssinian campaign. Once again it is a case of "too late." This type of sanction would have been completely effective in the case of Italy if it had been applied as a preventive measure months ago. Since then the Duce has been piling up war material. A refusal to accept Italy's exports by a few of her principal purchasers would be a far more effective form of embargo. Italy would be confronted with the necessity of dumping her surplus exports and Governments which did not co-operate in the boycott would find themselves urged by their own vested interests to exclude Italian goods. Mussolini's financial position is already serious, and it is likely to grow more embarrassing with every month of African warfare. There is, therefore, a chance but by no means a certainty that the Abyssinian war may, even if only economic sanctions are applied by the League, result in the Duce's downfall. If that proves an illusory hope, no one yet knows whether France will at a pinch support Great Britain in using the joint fleets and air forces to prevent Italian transport entering the Suez Canal. M. Laval seems to have promised Mussolini not to go beyond economic sanctions and the Duce has apparently accepted this assurance as a guarantee that France's co-operation is only formal. M. Laval, however, may not long remain Premier of France, and his successor, under pressure from Left opinion, may be more willing for effective co-operation with England. We have Sir Samuel Hoare's insistence on collective action as some guarantee that Great Britain does not in any case contemplate attempting a naval blockade of the Suez Canal without French help. We take it that every Party in this country would be

opposed to Great Britain becoming involved in a private war with Italy. If the French do co-operate with the British in barring Italian transports from the Suez Canal we must expect Mussolini to retaliate by every means available to him. Experts do not agree about the probable duration of the conflict that would ensue. No test has yet been made of the strength of air forces against fleets. But we have found no one who doubts that the joint British and French fleets and air forces could, if they wished, make Mussolini's position impossible, and do so without an actual attack on Italian territory.

In view of the very real risks, it is not surprising that many pacifists who were willing enough for sanctions at an earlier stage should hesitate now. Nor are we surprised that the Socialist League and the I.L.P. should warn us that a League war, if it develops, will not appear to the common man as very different from any other war. They naturally dread hearing once again the familiar phrases about this war being "different from former wars" and being "a war to end war." It seems to us impossible, however, for the Labour Party to turn round at this juncture and say—now that it has at long last, though so late, brought the Government to a realisation that the only defence of the Empire as well as of the rest of the world lies in loyalty to the Covenant—that the dangers are too great, that it wishes to withdraw from the League, to throw Abyssinia to the Italian wolves and to prefer the general anarchy which would result. The Labour Party must, it seems to us, support economic sanctions with all their risks, emphasising at the same time that it would refuse to countenance a private war between Great Britain and Italy. To say this, however, does not mean that it need palliate the National Government's conduct which has lead to this dilemma, nor that it need give anything more than a conditional support. Labour must maintain its independence, accept sanctions as the lesser of two evils and lay down stringent conditions as the price of its support. It is in a singularly strong position for doing so and it has a new and unique opportunity of co-operating closely with the *front populaire* in France. It is true that as war develops, power falls into the hands, not of the idealists, but of soldiers and the newspaper proprietors, and that the people who make the peace commonly remember nothing but their own national and capitalist interests when it comes to making the peace. But the very closeness of the last war and the fact that all those who are of an age to remember it are thoroughly alive both to its horrors and to the dangers of a dictated peace should in this case be a real safeguard.

During recent months there has been a general realisation that war on a large scale is inevitable unless some new plan is devised for sharing such benefits as are derived from a colonial empire. The issue raised by Sir Samuel Hoare's admission that all countries have a right to free access to raw materials is large and complex; we hope before long to examine it in detail in this journal. But it is the first duty of the Labour Party to take this phrase of Sir Samuel's and shout it from the housetops and see that whatever is the upshot of the present dispute there shall be a genuine effort to impart reality into his generalisation. It means, among other things, a general extension of the Mandate system; it implies a recognition of the fact that a closed Empire, as many of us insisted at the time of the Ottawa agreements, is an incitement to war, and it means that the closest consideration must be given to many questions that were raised and shelved at the World Economic Conference. The Labour Party and all upholders of the Covenant must insist that when the League emerges victorious it be revived not only as a genuine instrument for peace, but also as an organ for removing the economic causes of war. The risks are plain and the next few months are bound in any case to be full of danger and difficulty. But, as we analyse the situation, both realistically and idealistically, it is imperative to defend the Covenant of the League.

LAVAL AND THE FRENCH PRESS

TO-DAY'S papers bring us the pleasing *tableau* of Laval grabbing Aloisi by the coat in the League lobby and hissing at him: "Think, man, for God's sake! You must understand I can't go any further than *that!*" This scene causes "Pertinax" to make some melancholy reflections on the functions of Fascist underlings. Aloisi being one thing, and Mussolini being another thing, it is uncertain, he says, whether Laval was speaking into a telephone or merely to a wall. For all one knows Mussolini may not even take the trouble to listen to Aloisi's daily reports, or to his personal reflections—if he dares to have any.

The *tableau*, however, also tells another story—and that is that Laval is becoming desperate. He knows that French public opinion does not consider him completely blameless for the present tragic situation at Geneva, and that if the Abyssinian war is not averted his reputation as "the best Foreign Minister since Briand" will suffer a hopeless setback, and his proudest achievement—the Stresa front—will be in ruins. M. Laval, and with him many of his countrymen, must have realised by now that if only he had grabbed Mussolini by the coat lapels earlier in the year, and shaken him and hissed at him, a great deal of the present trouble might have been avoided. When one looks back on the easy-going optimism of the Quai d'Orsay, one is astounded by their lack of foresight.

The trouble, of course, began in Rome, during Laval's "triumphant" visit last January, when the two Latin sisters renewed their long-lost bonds of friendship. What exactly Laval and Mussolini said to each other nobody knows; but the current story is that when Mussolini mentioned his designs on Abyssinia Laval showed that the matter was of no great interest to him, and that he would not quarrel with the Latin sister "just for that." On the whole, the subsequent behaviour of the French Foreign Office suggests that the story was substantially correct. There are some who say that Laval failed to stand out against the Duce's project because he had only the vaguest idea of Abyssinia, and that the question whether Abyssinia was a member of the League or not simply never occurred to him.

Laval's alleged failure to study the legal facts of a case reminds one of the following dialogue between an indignant Nationalist deputy of the Poincaré school and a realistic Radical:

"Laval has never even read the Treaty of Versailles!"

"*C'est sa force!*" came the prompt reply.

But in the case of Abyssinia Laval's lack of pedantry seems to have gone to dangerous extremes. Some time ago I met a well-known Italian Fascist who said to me: "Why complain about Italy? If we are going to attack Abyssinia, you can blame Laval for it." Just like that.

For months and months the illusion was kept up in French Government quarters that Abyssinia was a third-rate problem. The only things that mattered were Germany and the means of keeping her in check; and one of the most effective means was, of course, the cultivation of Italy's friendship. With an

eye on the Brenner the French concluded a military convention with Italy whereby the Franco-Italian frontier could be freed of troops, the Italian troops concentrating on the Brenner and the French troop son the " road of invasion " in the North-East. One cannot blame the French for this, for Hitler is not a comfortable neighbour for anybody.

Abyssinia, unfortunately, continued not to matter. At the Stresa Conference it was not even mentioned, or, if it was, no warning was given to Mussolini either by France or by Britain. Which, incidentally, shows that Sir John Simon's foresight was not much greater than M. Laval's. It was soon after Stresa that the troopships began to sail *en masse* for Eritrea. It was at this point that the first sharp differences could be observed between the British and the French reactions. England became aware, long before France, of the gravity of the problem.

The successive reactions in French Government quarters to the growing agitation in England were something like this: (1) " Don't make such a fuss. Compared with Germany, Abyssinia doesn't matter." (2) " The League of Nations will fix it up somehow. But we must treat Italy gently, and you must admit that Abyssinia is a special problem." (3) " Don't worry, Mussolini is bluffing. In the end it'll all be fixed up, and there will be no war." (4) " Mussolini is still bluffing." And when one remarked that all those troopships were an expensive bluff, one received the usual reply that, in order to be effective, the bluff had to be big and expensive. It is worth noting that even if, at first, the French Government foolishly imagined that it could give Italy a free hand in Abyssinia, it soon realised that this was impossible if the League of Nations was not also to be sacrificed to Mussolini. But instead of taking precautions it continued to hope for a compromise, and tried to convince itself that Mussolini was bluffing. " Let him bluff; there is still plenty of time till the end of the rainy season." Even after the breakdown of the Paris negotiations these illusions were not abandoned.

This easy optimism, bordering on indifference, naturally played into the hands of Italy, and greatly facilitated her propaganda in France. For during all this time French public opinion continued to be doped by the French press. It is no exaggeration to say that this past summer will rank as one of the most disgraceful episodes in the history of French newspapers. There are exceptions, of course. The press of the Left behaved fairly decently—though, suffering from the Hitler-persecution complex, even one of the best papers of the Left considered at one time the possibility of legalising the Abyssinian war under Article 15, paragraph 7, of the Covenant. This alone shows to what extent French opinion as a whole was, and perhaps still is (though in a different way), reluctant to strengthen Germany by quarrelling with Italy. There are some other exceptions. " Pertinax," for instance, soon discovered that France could not drop for Italy's sake all the principles of collective security embodied in the League Covenant. But the majority of the press?

Arthur Raffalovitch, the financial agent of the Tsarist Government, whose job it was to " push " Russian loans in France, once spoke of " the abominable venality of the French press." To-day I can just see Signor X groaning in the same way over this " abominable venality." The payments are, naturally, made in cash, and this venality is, indeed, one of the few commodities which Italy makes no attempt to get on credit. Unfortunately, this makes it difficult to say how much exactly this paper or that paper got, though in certain diplomatic quarters, where a great deal is known about such transactions, it is estimated that in the past months Italy has spent on her press campaign in France between 50 million and 100 million francs. When I say that she has paid for it all in cash it does not mean that the cash came straight from Rome and was not borrowed in Paris. It is not inconceivable that part of the money that Marshal Balbo is understood to have borrowed for armaments from a leading French bank last month went to pay newspaper proprietors and journalists—or rather *journalistes* (*sic*), as La Fouchardière calls this special brand of newspaper men.

The Italian press propaganda in France took on various forms and was calculated to impress every kind of public. The anti-parliamentary bourgeoisie was treated to extravagant glorifications of Mussolini; the rather more sceptical public was provided with lurid stories and pictures of Abyssinian atrocities (" you may dislike Mussolini, but, after all, there's a lot to be said," etc., etc.) and with suggestions that Abyssinia should be expelled from the League. England's doubtful loyalty to the League and her imperialist motives were conclusively demonstrated; further, the scare that Mussolini would form an alliance with Hitler was exploited to the utmost; and, in connection with this, there came the most interesting story of all—namely, that France would be mad to abandon the friendship of Italy merely for the friendship of England, for not only was this friendship unreliable (as if Italy's friendship was more reliable), but the British air-force was practically non-existent, and the British Navy was obsolete and inefficient, and would not stand a dog's chance against the Italian air-force and against those magnificent new Italian submarines and 35,000-ton battleships. (The fact that these battleships are nowhere near completion was, of course, overlooked.) And as for being an eventual ally against Germany, England was as good as useless.

This propaganda was particularly stupid. For whatever the average Frenchman may think of Abyssinian atrocities, it will take a lot to persuade him that Italy can ever be a more powerful ally than England. It did the Italians more harm than good—for propaganda that is too obvious defeats its own end—at least in an intelligent country like France; and by the time the Paris negotiations broke down and the Council met again, the overwhelming majority of French opinion had decided, though not always without hesitation, in favour of England and the League Covenant and against " the Italian alliance at any price." It is this evolution in French public opinion that provides the background for Laval's " surprisingly satisfactory " speech before the Assembly. Only, when one considers that France's defence of the League Covenant was " surprising," one cannot help feeling that there was something very wrong with French foreign policy for a good long time before.

The pro-Italian press had its last big splash when the Italians published their more or less faked photographs of Abyssinian atrocities; but since the collapse of the Rickett affair (what a godsend that was, for stories about England's " League hypocrisy," her real motives as revealed by the Rickett case, oil, imperialism, the financial Colonel Lawrence, and all that!), since Laval's belated speech, and since the increasingly irritating behaviour of the Italians at Geneva, the pro-Italian propaganda has become more and more difficult. The scandalous attempts to rouse popular indignation over Prof. Jèze have fallen completely flat, and I am told on very good authority that the *Petit Bonjour* informed its Italian paymaster the other day that it would have to raise the space rate on Italian propaganda in view of the increasing difficulty of defending so unpopular a cause! What is rather serious in all this disgraceful business is that it is not simply a question of Italian subsidies to the corrupt French papers. (If that were all, there might be some sense in the cynical, though eminently practical, reflection I overheard the other day: " If the British Government had offered our papers two francs more than the Italian Government they would be treating Mussolini as a gangster and cracking up the League.") But the matter is a little more complicated than that. The Italian Government has numerous powerful accomplices in France. The financial oligarchy, which has a great deal to do with the press, is predominantly Fascist or, at any rate, anti-democratic. I have even heard it said in Left-wing quarters that Laval is, whether willingly or unwillingly, under the influence—or pressure—of the Financial Oligarchy-Croix de Feu forces, and that even his climb-down at Geneva last Friday, which was forced upon him by public opinion and M. Herriot, was more apparent than real.

Paris, September 17th. ALEXANDER WERTH

A LONDON DIARY

SIR SAMUEL HOARE spoke as if he meant what he said. The Assembly had got used to Sir John Simon treating the Covenant as a barrister treats a contract out of whose obligations his client is trying to crawl. The contrast made Sir Samuel's speech doubly effective. When he had finished a Frenchman said "Magnificent! if only a British Foreign Secretary had made that speech ten years ago!" A Chinese, thinking of a different crisis said, "Splendid, how different things would be if that speech had been made four years ago." An Englishman said "Just right, only if England had said that six months ago there would have been no war in Abyssinia!" A journalistic wit remarked that to the Italians the speech must come like "*une bombe glacée*." This fitted so well that it was generally believed by the evening that this *mot* was Baron Aloisi's own comment.

* * *

On September 10th the Geneva correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* wrote :—

> Reports of the sudden decision of Dr. Bernhardo Attolico, the new Italian Ambassador in Berlin, to present his credentials to Herr Hitler in Berlin on Sunday and of the unusual warmth of the friendly expressions exchanged, has not created any sensation here.

The *Daily Mail's* Geneva correspondent on the same day said :

> Everything in Geneva to-day is overshadowed by the news from Berlin of Herr Hitler's reception yesterday of the new Italian Ambassador, Dr. Attolico, and the friendly speeches then exchanged.

The explanation of this contradiction is, of course, that each correspondent is reporting in too generalised a form the effects of the news on himself and his own group of acquaintances. My own impression of this incident coincides with the *Daily Telegraph's*, not with the *Daily Mail's*. But the moral for the newspaper reader is not that all foreign correspondents are liars, but that to get any notion of a complicated diplomatic situation you must read several newspapers.

* * *

I returned from Geneva in time to hear Sir Stafford Cripps address the Socialist League Conference. I thought his analysis admirable, but I differ from his conclusions. The fact that the League is composed of imperialist powers with imperialist aims does not mean that one result of the struggle is not preferable to another. It is an argument for Labour adopting an independent attitude, not for opposition to sanctions. Sir Stafford's most vehement opponents were, of course, Communists. For in this odd crisis Harry Pollitt, Sir Walter Citrine and Sir Samuel Hoare form a united front. A very experienced member of the Labour Party prophesied to me that the Executive at Brighton would have 85 per cent. of the votes, but that much of the most virile section of the Party would be with Sir Stafford or Lord Ponsonby. If war develops I should not be surprised to find 50 per cent. of Labour's rank and file all over the country against the Executive. I believe myself that Labour might turn this dilemma into a great opportunity if it had a great leader. That is the real problem. The disquiet about sanctions that may mean war is inevitable. But where, as a friend puts it to me, is the leader who can "transmute the roar of the heart's disquiet into the spirit of victory"?

* * *

Among a number of interesting papers in his *Down the Years* (Cassell, 15*s*.) Sir Austen Chamberlain includes an account of the exciting struggle in Mr. Gladstone's last Parliament in 1892–5. He describes the unprecedented riot that took place when his father accused the Irish of treating Mr. Gladstone with a "slavish adulation" not known since "the time of Herod." One Member was hurled bodily on to the floor; an Irishman rushing to his support fell over him, knocking off another Member's hat and hitting him on the back of the head. Something like a free fight followed, while hissing broke out in the gallery. In a dramatic account of this incident in his *Life of Joseph Chamberlain*, Mr. Garvin remarks that: "the dreaded rebuke of hissing from the gallery helped to recall the House to its senses." Sir Austen now adds an amusing comment. He repeats a conversation he had at the time with Lord Darling who was then a Q.C. and an M.P. :

> "Did you hear the hissing in the gallery?" I asked him.
>
> "Yes," he said. "It's rather curious. I had two constituents up there. I went up afterwards and asked them what they thought of it all. They happened to be two prize-fighters. 'We was fair disgusted,' they said. 'When we saw that fellow let out right and left and no one went down, we was that disgusted that we hissed, we did.'" Such was the true explanation of the public indignation which loomed so large in the press next day and finds its echo in Mr. Garvin's pages.

* * *

The British press has said very little about Henri Barbusse. I suppose one can hardly expect British capitalist newspapers to pay much attention to a foreign author who wrote a great anti-war book during the war and who was the chief founder of the anti-war and anti-Fascist movement. In France they have valued him differently. Two friends who attended his funeral in Paris have sent me descriptions which suggest that no writer has ever been more honoured by his public. Wreaths came from workers' organisations and from authors', musicians' and artists' societies from all over Europe. All day and night guards of honour stood by the coffin, while an endless stream of men, women and children passed by, pausing in front of the coffin to cross themselves or give the Red Front salute. The funeral procession, which started from the Rue de la Chapelle, was certainly one of the biggest ever seen in Paris. It has been calculated at half a million people. All sections of the public, except the Fascists, were represented and thousands of war veterans, including the blind, crippled and maimed, followed on foot as best they could. "Not a policeman," writes one correspondent, "was to be seen all along the route of four kilometres."

* * *

Knowing nothing of boxing I knew nothing of "punch-drunkenness" until Raymond Bousquet, the French-Canadian boxer, was condemned to death for shooting his sweetheart. I am told that a careful and scientific inquiry into this odd complaint was recently made by American doctors. If their conclusions were generally known some of the spurious glamour of the ring might be dispersed. In a paper on the subject read before the New York Pathological Society a well-known doctor said : "In punch drunk there is a very definite brain injury due to single or repeated blows on the head which cause multiple concussion hemorrhage in the deeper portions of the cerebrum. . . . These hemorrhages are later replaced by gliosis (tumour) or degenerative progressive lesions in the areas involved." The proportion of fighters who finally contract this complaint is high and it tends to grow higher. I am told that you commonly find these wrecks of the limelight in asylums and poor-houses, while many others haunt agents' offices, dully begging for just one more chance. I notice that a famous ex-champion said at the trial that Bousquet seemed to have taken more punishment than any man he had ever seen. The argument against carrying out the death sentence in Bousquet's case seems unusually strong.

* * *

The Munich press reports the invention of a scientific device to tell Aryan from Jewish blood. The inventor is one Walter Schmitz, an engineer of Augsburg.

> A free swinging pendulum in the apparatus, it is announced, gives the same reaction when it is in proximity to pure Aryan blood as when placed next to gold or platinum, but when the pendulum is placed next to Jewish blood it gives the same reaction as to the metals tin and lead.
>
> The inventor hopes to get his machine adopted by the "Race Bureau" of the Government in Berlin as the scientific determinant of race in the Third Reich.

* * *

There are numberless stories of Hitler's adventures on reaching Heaven. The latest addition to my collection also seems to me the best. Hitler approached the Throne and said "Heil Hitler." The Being on the Throne replied "Grüss Gott."

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to P. B. M.
All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

I do not know to whom Sir Thomas was referring when he talked about savages, but in my opinion this term would be applicable to one who does not play the National Anthem before or after a performance.—The Mayor of Brighton in reply to Sir Thomas Beecham.

I am an Englishman of the deepest dye.—Mr. F. W. Rickett reported on his arrival at Croydon.

Sir,—Here is a simple preventative of common colds in the head. When you feel a cold coming on stoop and unlace your boots and lace them up again. I read this in a South African paper about two years ago, and have not had a cold since trying the experiment, although I have avoided many. The only people who are not cured by this method are those who think it too silly to be tried properly. —Letter in *Daily Telegraph.*

It was characteristic of the thoroughness with which Sir Arthur Rose is carrying out his work as Commissioner for Distressed Areas in Scotland that, on the occasion of cutting the first sod of the Garnock Valley drainage scheme at Dalry, he took off his coat for the job.—*Scottish Country Life*, August.

The Aga Khan set up a record for the present Assembly. He spoke for only a few seconds more than the time his horse Bahram took to win the Derby this year—2 min. 36 sec.—*Daily Telegraph.*

The curvature of the earth's surface was most noticeable as the car rushed onwards, eating up the black oil line which I was following.—Sir Malcolm Campbell in press report.

A man presented two keys tied with string to a clerk at Leeds Post Office last night and asked for them to be forwarded with a telegram which he wished to send. He was surprised when he was told this was impossible. He said he understood money could be forwarded with a telegram.—*Sunday Dispatch.*

Hawkers selling picture postcards of the Blackpool air crash outside the cemetery gates did brisk business yesterday at the funeral of the sisters who were killed when a plane was cut in two and crashed in flames. Women waited hours for the funeral and ate lunch, which they had brought in paper bags, seated on gravestones. . . . Policemen and barricades at the gates were used to restrain the 6,000 who tried to get into the small cemetery.—*Sunday Dispatch.*

Police-constable —— said that on August 22nd, attired in an open-necked tennis shirt, sports jacket, and grey flannel trousers, he went into the convenience on St. Peter's Plain. —— followed him, and opened a conversation, saying that he had been valet to a gentleman in London. . . .

When anyone came into the convenience, Police-constable —— added, —— always changed the conversation to the Italian-Abyssinian dispute.—*Eastern Daily Press.*

The woman who likes to be thorough with regard to colour schemes will, without doubt, appreciate the fact that coloured rolls of toilet paper can be bought. These are perfectly harmless, and only the palest pastel shades are available.—*Evening News.*

Mr. Neville Barraclough, of Tallantire Hall, Cumberland, protested at the Cockermouth Rural Council to-day against regulations concerning the colours of chimneys. He was prepared, he said, to put red, white, and blue chimney pots on his house in order to make a test case against the authority of the Town and Country Planning Order.

The declaration was made after the Council Town Planning Committee recommended permission for certain building, on condition that the chimney pots harmonised with the roofing material and ridge tiles.—Report in *Morning Post.*

Four great condenser towers at Lister Drive Power Station, Liverpool, were destroyed last night by a spectacular fire, the origin of which is not yet known. The towers had been out of use for a year. The Lord Mayor attended the fire in evening dress.—*Liverpool Post.*

THE LABOUR PARTY'S FINANCIAL POLICY:—I

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT]

A STUDY of the resolutions to be placed before the 35th annual conference of the Labour Party at Brighton is not, it must be confessed, specially encouraging. To not a few Labour supporters it may seem to justify the complaint, that the Labour Party is losing drive and initiative, and that the official leadership, engaged in criticising the gradualist Tory programme of raising the entire working-class population just above the subsistence level, is apparently also willing that the tempo of this process should be determined primarily by the annual margin of profit earned by capitalist enterprise. Whatever the degree of truth in this Left-wing criticism, it is clear that any tendency to wait upon profit margins lends itself to a policy completely at variance with the Socialist conception of the redistribution of wealth and economic power.

From this point of view it may be urged that the inadequacy of official Labour policy is nowhere more apparent than in the overriding sphere of finance. Under the heading of "Financial Policy" are three resolutions to be discussed at Brighton. The first declares that no scheme of monetary reform, more particularly of the social credit variety, should "deflect the Labour Movement from the pursuit of its declared financial policy in respect of the Bank of England, the Joint Stock Banks, and the formation of a National Investment Board." The second is concerned with establishing a fixed ratio between the sum total of interest-bearing capital and the sum total of wages and also with Government control of the export of capital. The third asks the Labour Party to pledge itself to repeal the tax on co-operative reserves. Now these resolutions suggest pretty plainly a certain poverty of thought on the subject of financial policy; indeed, they leave the impression that the conference will be asked in effect to avoid every crucial issue. And this impression, unfortunately, is not likely to be dissipated by studying the various semi-official pronouncements of the past year or the latest official pamphlet, published after the Southport conference of the Labour Party last year, on currency, banking and finance—a pamphlet embodying the resolutions adopted at the Leicester conference in 1932 and at the Hastings conference in 1933. Briefly, the Labour Party's financial proposals seem entirely inadequate to meet the real problems involved in a Socialist transformation within any measurable period of time.

Take, for instance, the financial problem arising from the socialisation of the primary industries. The vital question of compensation, ignored in Utopian theory in the past and in revolutionary theory to-day, still remains obscure. The official policy of the Labour Party promises "fair" compensation, but very little precise information is forthcoming as to what "fair" means or as to the source of the compensation. No doubt many part-owners of capitalist industries in which profit margins are steadily contracting will soon become quite amenable to the idea of exchanging the hazards of ownership of ordinary shares in industrial enterprises for a fixed-interest gilt-edged security. But exactly how such an exchange would accelerate the redistribution of wealth or achieve any real degree of social amelioration is not obvious. Although the socialisation of industry is practicable enough, the benefits to be expected from socialisation are dependent on a financial process for which Labour proposals as yet make no provision.

The single unequivocal demand in the Labour Party's financial policy is the right to legalise the present extra-constitutional status of the Bank of England and to maintain strict parliamentary control over the functions now vested in the irresponsible dictatorship of the Governor. The demand is voiced at the present day in many quarters other than those identified with the Labour Movement, and it is probable that legislation could be introduced without much difficulty to regularise the dangerously anomalous position of the Bank. It is nevertheless essential to realise that parliamentary control

by itself will do little to further Socialism. The Labour Party's pamphlet on currency, banking and finance adduces perfectly sound arguments for bringing the Governor of the Bank of England under Cabinet authority, but this should not blind us to the fact that the new state of affairs would not invest the Bank of England with any powers which it does not already exercise *de facto*, though admittedly not *de jure*. In some ways, indeed, it may be questioned whether the present system of invisible control is not in practice more effective than legal control would be; a precisely formulated legal position would simplify the task of the real capitalist powers in the City in their search for loopholes. For the mere seizure of the Bank is in itself no guarantee whatever of a successful Socialist advance so long as the money interests of which the Bank is at present only the mouthpiece are enabled to retain their sources of economic power.

Socialist economists have not failed to perceive this difficulty, and several of them in consequence have advocated the simultaneous nationalisation of the Joint Stock Banks. But there is much disagreement and even more confusion on this issue. Officially the Labour Party is committed to the formation of a National Banking Corporation, although here again the ways and means of nationalisation are not at all clear. Dr. Hugh Dalton, for instance, solves the problem of compensation by suggesting that the National Banking Corporation would probably continue to make the same good profits that the Joint Stock Banks had made and that these profits, together with the proceeds of the sale of redundant bank premises, would suffice for compensation. Truly a case of having one's cake and eating it too! For a pretty large proportion of present banking profits are of course derived from practices, such as advances for speculation and Stock Exchange transactions, which the reformed system would necessarily discountenance; while the reduction in the general cost of credit (brought about by, amongst other things, overhead economies), which is one of the avowed advantages of the Corporation, would automatically deprive it of a main source of profit. It is difficult to believe, in passing, that the reduction in cost would stimulate a demand for credit accommodation sufficiently large to make up for the loss.

Here again, moreover, the same problem arises that we have met in regard to the nationalisation of the Bank of England. What, after all, is the social benefit which would be derived from the establishment of a National Banking Corporation? It is doubtful whether the "Big Five" could be run more efficiently than they are at present, though it is true that relatively trivial amounts would be saved on directorial fees. Of far greater consequence, however, is the plain fact that the creation of a vast new rentier class holding securities with the guarantee of a Socialist Government would be of little material assistance in the redistribution of economic power. The truth of the matter is surely that there has been a great deal of confused thinking in recent years on the subject of the Joint Stock Banks. As a form of capitalist enterprise they are eligible, like any branch of capitalist industry, for nationalisation. But there is no special reason why they should be singled out for preferential and immediate treatment. Their power to control credit conditions or monetary policy is small; they are almost entirely preoccupied with the day-to-day conduct of banking business; their means of sabotage so far as a Socialist Government is concerned are no greater than those of the great insurance companies and investment trusts—which are apparently to remain unmolested, at any rate for the present. It is these considerations which have evidently led Mr. Thomas Johnston, a better realist than many others in the Labour Movement, to the conclusion that, in its preliminary phase of power, a Socialist Government would be wise to leave the Joint Stock Banks as they are—all the more wise, indeed, in that the State would be well rid of responsibility for maintaining the banking structure with its attendant commercial hazards. From the point of view of electioneering tactics alone, it may be said, this is sound good sense, since any suggestion of Government interference with the money possessions of a very large part of the electorate is likely to provide the opponents of Socialism with an ugly weapon.

It should surely be the duty of the Labour Party conference in existing circumstances to clarify these issues and to give a clearer and more realistic outline to Labour's financial policy for the immediate future. The trouble is, of course, that the present programme of the Labour Party in regard to a socialised Bank of England and the formation of a National Investment Board is vitiated by the failure to recognise the cardinal issue presented by the National Debt and the distribution of ownership of the National Debt. That crucial aspect of the whole financial and economic problem will be discussed in a later article.

SLEEPING IT OFF

I DO not envy Mr. Arthur Gehrke, the innkeeper of Watertown, Wisconsin, who has gone to bed with the intention of sleeping till the return of spring. Mr. Gehrke has apparently hibernated regularly for the past twenty years, having learned the practice from the bears. He believes, according to the *News Chronicle*, that "the world would be a better place" if more people followed his example. "I don't worry while I hibernate," he says, "and don't get into trouble." He seems to be particularly looking forward to sleeping through the coming winter because it will enable him to be indifferent to Mussolini, Hitler, unemployment and other problems of the day.

This is, to my mind, a perfectly legitimate purpose. Philosophers have commended ataraxia as the proper attitude of a wise man in a world of difficulties, and how can a man remain more undisturbed in a world of difficulties than by sleeping through them? Even though the Heavens fall, he will continue to lie in his bed as impavid as Horace's just man. I should feel greatly tempted, indeed, to imitate the innkeeper if I were sure that Mussolini, Hitler, unemployment, and other problems of the day would all be solved by the time I woke up. I have several good reasons against hibernating, however. In the first place, I am as lean, though unfortunately not as hungry, as Cassius; and in order to hibernate your must have large reserves of fat. As everybody knows, or thinks he knows, the bear becomes immensely fat at the approach of the hibernation period, and lives by the absorption of his grease while he is asleep. Mr. Gehrke, it is to be noted, weighs eighteen stone, and so is infinitely better equipped to imitate a bear than I am, who would perish of inanition at the first snows.

Even if I weighed twenty stone, however, I should still hesitate to plunge into slumber that would last the winter. I have not the necessary optimism about the world's future. I should be afraid of waking up to find that things were worse than ever. It may be argued that, even in this case, I should have enjoyed several months free from trouble, and that this would be all to the good. I do not see the matter in this light, however. It seems to me that human beings gain something by getting used to troubles gradually. If the world gets worse, it gets worse by degrees, and those who are awake during the process do not experience the appalling shock that might unhinge the mind of a newly awakened sleeper who had gone to bed a long time previously in an optimistic mood. To go to sleep for several months is an act of faith that would do any fat man credit; but, if I were offered the boon of a long spell of sleep I should accept it only on the condition that it should last, not a mere winter, but several generations—better still, perhaps, several centuries. I am an incorrigible optimist about the twenty-third century. Civilisation may have disappeared by then; but they will have begun to rebuild it. A newer Athens shall arise. How pleasant to wake up and see it before it had begun to fall again!

Apart from all this, I cannot see that much is to be gained from the hibernation of private citizens. If the problems of the world are to be solved by hibernation, it is the public men who should take to their beds first. What a sigh of relief would go up from humanity if a number of the most eminent

statesmen of the day could only be persuaded to take a few months' sleep! How tenderly we should think of them as they lay there with innocent faces, like babies in the cradle! There is nothing more beautiful than the inactivity of a sleeping child, and a sleeping statesman would be touched by the same beauty. I doubt, however, whether a policy of hibernation would be a complete success, unless the statesmen persuaded, not only their most active friends, but a good many of their most active enemies to share their winter slumbers. I should like to see every politician hibernating who had any other political ideal except the general and individual happiness and comfort of human beings—of human beings, not only in some future generation, but now.

There is, I am afraid, no hope of this. The Wisconsin innkeeper has given an example in vain, so far as statesmen are concerned. For the statesman loves a life of action. He almost resents the fact that he has to spend so large a part of every twenty-four hours in sleep in order to keep alive. I have been unable to verify my facts, but I suspect that most of the mischief-makers of the world have disliked sleep and have been able to get on with very little of it. Few world-conquerors have been somnolent men. Their biographers, indeed, usually praise them for their power of abstinence from sleep as though it were a virtue. Napoleon prided himself on the possession of "four-o'clock-in-the-morning courage" as though a man should be ready for activity at any hour of the day or night. I am sure that all the most dangerous statesmen living to-day take the same unnatural attitude to four o'clock in the morning. Divide great statesmen into two categories—the wakeful and the somnolent—and you will find that it is the wakeful who have been the cause of all, or most of, our woe. Even the dangerous statesmen are less dangerous in proportion as they are somnolent. How greatly the harm that Arthur Balfour might have done as Tory leader was mitigated by his reluctance to rise before noon!

It would be an interesting task for some historical student to compile a thesis on the debt the world owes to somnolent men. I imagine that, of all the prose books written in English, none has given more lasting pleasure to human beings than Boswell's *Life of Johnson*; and this was the biography of one somnolent man by another. Boswell was such a slave to sleep that he meditated on all possible ways of rousing himself from it, having heard from Johnson how the learned Mrs. Carter "had a contrivance that, at a certain hour, her chamber-light should burn a string to which a heavy weight was suspended, which then fell with a strong sudden noise; this roused her from her sleep and then she had no difficulty in getting up." Boswell confessed that he had this difficulty. "I . . . wished," he said, "there could be some medicine invented which would make one rise without pain, which I never did, unless after laying in bed a long time. Perhaps there may be something in the stores of Nature which could do this. I have thought of a pulley to raise me gradually; but that would give me pain, as it would certainly counteract my internal inclination. I would have something that can dissipate the *vis inertiæ*, and give elasticity to the muscles. . . . We can heat the body, we can cool it; we can give it tension or relaxation; and surely it is possible to bring it into a state in which rising from bed will not be a pain."

Fortunately, perhaps, for human happiness, it is not possible in the case of harmless people. I say "fortunately," for a brisk early rising Dr. Johnson might easily have developed into a bullying statesman who might, by his genius, have bludgeoned the American colonies into submission. And who knows on what wildcat piratical adventures Boswell might have embarked if, instead of finding getting out of bed a pain, he had found it a pleasure? Sleep reduces all men to harmlessness. The logical conclusion seems to be that we should sleep as long as possible.

I should have liked the philosophy of the hibernating innkeeper better if he had emphasised this altruistic aspect of somnolence. He goes no further than to say: "I don't worry while I hibernate, and don't get into trouble." The moral value of sleep, however, lies in the fact, not that one does not get into trouble while one is asleep, but that one does not get into mischief. If all men slept as long as they ought and at the time at which they ought, the most objectionable forms of burglary would disappear. No longer would you find dishonest company-promoters rising with the rapacious birds and sitting down at their desks at an hour at which Boswell had never begun to contemplate the painful prospect of getting out of bed. Again, if everybody slept long enough, bellicosity would vanish, for the only way in which you can train soldiers to the pugnacity necessary for war is by compelling them to rise at an unnaturally early hour and so inflaming them to a vengeful hatred that seeks an outlet in action. No lie-a-bed army ever conquered even the most defenceless nation.

There may be a good deal then to be said for hibernation on moral grounds, if the whole world would hibernate. We might wake up soothed in the spring, having lost the early riser's appetite for oppression and with the feeling that there are very few crimes, public or private, that it is worth getting up early in the morning to commit. But it is too much to hope that this will happen. The race of mortals is a wakeful race, a lark-admiring race; and too often, when it is up, it is up to little good.

Y. Y.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE BAD NEWS FROM GENEVA TO ADDIS ABABA

[*"We might even see the spectacle of Italy carrying out a punitive expedition into Abyssinia with the apparent approval of the League."*—"*Critic*," on the work of the Committee of Five in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, September 14.]

THEY sprang into action a peace to contrive;
The Council, the League, the Committee of Five;
"Good speed!" cried the Parties of pacifist views;
"Speed!" echoed the members with nothing to lose;
The Assembly applauded goodwill to attest,
As they scourged the aggressor and soothed the aggressed.

The League of all Nations in lofty debate
Foretold Abyssinia saved from her fate,
They shuddered and shrank at the rumour of war
For they loved empire well but the Covenant more,
While the victim proposed they might well intervene
Under Articles 20 or 10 or 16,

While Laval looked to Hoare and Hoare looked to Laval
To sanction joint Sanctions or shut the canal,
While the Five with acute international tact
Offered protocol, treaty, agreement or pact,
And ministers ended preambles sublime
With "Let us do nothing while yet there is time!"

Up leaped then at Addis Ababa the sun
The States from commitments drew back every one
Each eyeing his nearest next neighbour askance
In the shock and surprise of the fascist advance,
And the Negus, bamboozled, marched down to receive a
Report from Il Duce on News from Geneva.

SAGITTARIUS.

Correspondence

LABOUR AND SANCTION

SIR,—The motives of British Imperialists for objecting to the annexation of Abyssinia by Italy may be as cynical as my friend Fenner Brockway declares, though his test of them is unconvincingly padded, for, e.g., Eritrea already commands the route to India quite as effectively as Addis Ababa could, and our diplomatists have felt quite safe in the past in consenting to let Italy "protect" Abyssinia as effectually as we do Egypt. Abyssinia, however, "protected" herself at Adowa. Even that did not discourage the

benevolence of our F.O. in agreeing to Italian encroachment and further reinforcing it by giving Italy part of British Somaliland.

But those are not the motives which have in this crisis mobilised support for the Government in holding up Mussolini. Nor has mere sympathy for Abyssinia done so—as for Belgium in 1914. What has been effectual is that this is obviously the last chance to use the League of Nations for its intended purpose, *stopping war* as an instrument of policy; for if the League were to pass on this occasion as it did in regard to Manchukuo, there would be an end to it, and constructive pacifists would have to begin all over again, perhaps on the lines Brockway suggests. Which, however (notwithstanding previous "International resolutions"), failed utterly in 1914, when the mechanism for common action by European workers was far better organised than it is now, and are absolutely not on the board for the present crisis—so what is the use of talking about them? OLIVIER

Wychwood, Selsey Avenue, Bognor Regis.

SIR,—At a time when the Trades Union Congress and the Communist Party have miraculously managed to take a common view of the Italo-Abyssinian question, it is odd to find the I.L.P. persisting in splendid isolation. The answer to Mr. Fenner Brockway is surely this. What we have, as Socialists, to consider is not the interests of this or that Empire, or even the interests of Abyssinia, but those of International Socialism. The deadliest enemies of this are the Fascists, and especially the Fascist Government of Italy and the Nazi Government of Germany. No competent observer expects the overthrow of either by an internal revolution, except in the event of an unsuccessful war. It follows that it is "up to" us to see that when these Fascist Governments get involved in war that war shall be unsuccessful. In short, Socialists should support sanctions against Mussolini for the identical reason for which Sir Oswald Mosley opposes them. This is not to say that we should "commit ourselves to support British Imperialism" to the length, say, of countenancing the acceptance of office by Labour Leaders in a National Government. That would be disastrous. Socialists, inside and outside the Labour Party, must retain their political independence and their freedom to state the Socialist position on sanctions, which is not the same as the National position. They must also be free to revert to uncompromising opposition if, and when, the successful applications of sanctions brings about the revolutionary overthrow of the Fascist Government, and the installation of a regime with which Socialists can have dealings. If this could be effected by international industrial action, as Mr. Brockway recommends, such action would of course be preferable. But who believes that it could? Does Mr. Brockway imagine that the workers are prepared to face starvation for anything so *apparently* remote from their material interests as the independence of Abyssinia? Obviously he does not. Then why advocate it?

13 Laurel Road, ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON

Wimbledon, S.W.20.

PEACEFUL CHANGE

SIR,—Mr. Gordon Hosking thinks that Italy, with "good organisation," should become "almost self-supporting as regards food supplies." But Mussolini has *already done this*, which is the main reason why the threat of blockade is so silly. Even the famous Pontine Marshes now support a big population.

Then Fascist Italy is said to be "ground down by landlords and capitalists." On the contrary, it is in England that Mr. Hosking can buy land (because so sadly neglected) for an old song and keep it out of cultivation; under Mussolini he would have to hand over his unworked land to the local agricultural syndicate.

As for wages, I have just got from Italy the index since 1926. Allowing for the fall in prices, real wages in Italy have risen by 16.84 per cent. in the first half of this year as compared with 1926. This is the average for men, women and children, and it is despite world crisis that was made elsewhere and hostile tariffs.

Social wages (real comfort, drama, music, sport, maternity work, education in its broadest sense, etc.) have increased under Mussolini immeasurably. There are no Italian "Distressed Areas," and industrial miracles have been accomplished in a mountainous and infertile land, without coal or native materials.

So we find all the British military correspondents who attended the Italian manoeuvres praising the physique, endurance and spirit of the men.

Tyranny? Half the forces in East Africa are volunteers! Italy is no tyranny, but a Guild State. In the Guilds the members have such a chance to help themselves and their fellows as does not, unfortunately, exist in our land of "hands" who are mere cogs in the machine.

A word to Mr. Karvè, who thinks that Mussolini has increased the Italian birth-rate! The facts are that the average of 1921–25 was 29.7 per 1,000, while in 1933 it was only 23.5, or little above replacement rate. What Mussolini has done has been to appeal not merely to his own country, *but to all Western civilisation*, not to commit race-suicide.

The British Empire extends to a fourth of the world's land, (13,500,000 square miles out of 56,000,000), but much more than a fourth if *value* be considered. The conquest of this great area entailed the killing with superior arms of an enormous number of people of all colours, and the loss also of many British lives. Mr. Hosking is so ungrateful to those who died for us that he will hardly admit that Britain gains by their courage and sacrifice. Yet nearly half our exports go to the Empire, and in all parts of it there are English connections to facilitate trade, to say nothing of the tariff preserve. The truth is that but for the Empire the incomes of us all, however we work, would be much smaller. Our great gain is despite the amazing neglect of plan in Imperial development.

There is urgent call upon Britain and France to meet the hard case of the Have-Nots, for there are no more than five million British and French families in all their enormous oversea possessions, and they cannot work them thoroughly. If we were all of Mr. Hosking's mind, war would be as inevitable as just. Who respects those who have not the spirit to rebel against injustice? The true Peace of Contentment is for us to make!

Royal Societies Club. LEO CHIOZZA MONEY

[No one, as far as we know, has suggested a food blockade of Italy. Economic sanctions aim first at cutting off the materials which any peace-breaker, and Italy especially, needs for an aggressive war. It is true that the Duce's most strenuous efforts to increase the birth-rate have failed, though this does not prevent his propagandists continuing to demand colonies to relieve the overpopulation they have tried to produce. Sir Leo's argument that we are rich because we own much is, we believe, based on a fundamental fallacy. Is any British Colony as economically valuable to this country as the Argentine which we do not own? But the whole issue of sharing the world's resources is a complicated one which we hope shortly to deal with in detail. We agree that the Have-nots have a grievance which must be met.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

CENSORSHIP OF BOOKS

SIR,—As the publishers of Subhas C. Bose's *The Indian Struggle*, which was banned in India early this year, a fact to which you gave publicity in your columns, we should like to bring to your readers' attention another example of censorship which has just come to our notice. We have received a letter from a Madras bookseller in which he says:

"I am returning to you to-day one copy of Radek's *Portraits and Pamphlets*. This was seized by the police on the 1st of May last and returned to me only yesterday with permission to return the book to you, as the book is banned here now."

The First of May is a propitious date for a police raid! Thanks to the permission of the authorities, we are now the proud possessors of a copy of our own publication rendered even more interesting by the impression of the rubber stamp of the Presidency Magistrate's Court, Egmore, Madras, dated May 3rd. The book seems to have been at least opened during its fourteen weeks' detention, but there are no scorings, dogs' ears or thumb marks to indicate which of its contents provoked the decision against it.

If it is not universally realised that the successful defence of our civil liberties here is entirely dependent on our securing identical liberties for the "subject races" of the Empire, this may be in part due to lack of information as to the degree to which their personal liberty is interfered with. The book censorship, particularly, is exercised in a surreptitious way, the publishers themselves receiving no notification. The fear of liberal opinion is clearly the motive for using this furtive method of repression, and the obvious answer to it is the widest possible publicity for all such incidents. EDGELL RICKWORD,

Wishart Books, Ltd., for Wishart Books, Ltd.

9 John Street, Adelphi, W.C.2.

1935 EXHIBITION

SIR,—An exhibition is to be held in November. It will be an exhibition of work by American, Dutch, Spanish, Russian, and

English artists, who are aware that the freedom of artists to carry on their work is seriously threatened by the preparations for world war, and by the spread of Fascism.

The aim of the exhibition is to unite artists, thus enabling them to give active support to the groups of intellectuals all over the world, who are opposed to war and Fascism. There will be no restriction on subject matter, the work being selected by an independent selection committee on merit alone, all work being shown as a protest against Fascism and war.

We, the undersigned, invite all artists to send in work, and appeal for donations to cover the expenses of this exhibition, which we are convinced will be an outstanding artistic event as well as a protest against cultural reaction. The exhibition will be held first in the West End, and later a selection will be shown in the East End and provinces.

Sending-in forms and full details can be obtained from the exhibition secretary, Helen Wilson, 34 South Hill Park, Hampstead, N.W.3.

ERIC GILL
DUNCAN GRANT
AUGUSTUS JOHN
DAME LAURA KNIGHT
HENRY MOORE
PAUL NASH

NEWS-REELS

SIR,—The article headed "News-Reels" in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of September 7th has been brought to my attention and, being responsible for the production of British Movietone News, I desire to correct some of your contributor's more obvious mis-statements.

In the first place, British Movietone News has no propaganda policy. We issue subjects from the U.S.S.R. (although these are not easy to obtain owing to the monopoly existing in that country) just as freely as we use subjects from Germany, and both Russian and German subjects are commented upon from a disinterested standpoint. Subjects which might be classified as pictures of Labour movements in other countries are always included in British Movietone News, when they qualify as news.

In the second place, your contributor must plainly have been out of step with public sentiment at the time of the Jubilee, if he felt that audiences resisted what he superciliously describes as the "emotionalism and suggestion" with which news-reels recorded the events of the week (a week of what he regards as "gush"). Actual facts as derived from the figures of attendances at News Theatres, show that the popularity of news-reels issued at this time has never been surpassed, while all the evidence (apart from your contributor's bald statement) proves that the news-reel commentators expressed the feelings of the loyal majority of patrons.

Your contributor appears hardly blameless in the matter of propaganda himself. In the course of a highly tendencious article, the political colouring of which is obvious, he appears indeed to favour the open expression of views rather than news in news-reels.

This is not the policy of British Movietone News. Our aim is to give the pictorial news, with such commentary as is sufficient to explain the picture and shorten subjects so as to give diversity in the brief period allotted to us on the screen. We have recently adopted the practice of naming our commentators, as we believe the public is interested in knowing the identity of the voice which is projected with the image.

Therefore, there are no grounds for your contributor's suspicions of ulterior motives beyond the plain object of affording entertainment to the patrons of cinema houses; and it is very clear to me that he has merely used the theme of news-reels as a peg on which to hang his own particular brand of political propaganda.

British Movietonews, Ltd.,
13 & 14 Newman Street, W.1.

GERALD SANGER,
Managing Editor.

MUSIC IN SALZBURG

SIR,—Will you allow me to reply to Mr. Beard's criticisms of my article on the Salzburg Festival? And may I begin by saying that I cannot withdraw one word of it?

Mr. Beard says that I over-estimate the musical "importance" of Mozart's Serenades and of Dr. Paumgartner's performances of them. "They are delightful works," he says, "but do not deserve mention side by side with the piano concertos and Schnabel's work for them." Must musical appreciation, as well as the relations between human beings, be vitiated by class distinctions? Of course I cannot persuade him to listen freshly to the Serenades and to take them seriously—I can only beg him, and anyone else who is doubtful, to go again and hear them played by the Mozarteum orchestra under Dr. Paumgartner. He will hear them, I believe, almost exactly as the composer intended; for the orchestra is of the right size and consists of players trained by Dr. Paumgartner in the style of the music. Let him not be put off by the common snobbery of many connoisseurs of music who hold that a piece of music cannot be great unless it be long and that no musician who has not an "international reputation" can deserve one. Many people affect to despise Paumgartner because he is "only a local conductor" and his orchestra "only a local orchestra"; even so I repeat that to hear them perform Mozart's Serenades and Deutsche Tänze is to realise with wonder and delight how truly great those works are.

Mr. Beard accuses me of being anti-Italian. If to prefer Mozart to Rossini and Wagner to Verdi were anti-Italian, he would be right. If he means that I went to *Don Giovanni* expecting a bad performance, he is wrong. I was looking forward particularly to hearing Ezio Pinza, having admired him in Rossini at Covent Garden; but I was bitterly disappointed. True, *Don Giovanni* has an Italian libretto; but it does not follow that a style of singing which has been developed largely through performances of Verdi, Bellini, Donizetti, Puccini and Leoncavallo is suited to a masterpiece written slightly before Rossini's time. In fact, it is a style that, whatever its merits, tends to destroy the chamber-music quality which is essential to the interpretation of Mozart's music.

Finally, I did not state that there was a "cultural agreement between Austria and Italy to destroy the Vienna opera." If Mr. Beard will re-read my article he will realise his mistake. The agreement to which I referred is the one summarised in the *Times* of February 5th, 1935.

J. G.

BLOW FOR BALLOONS

SIR,—Inquiries having been made as to whether the note in Chapter XX of my novel *Blow for Balloons* (to be published by Dent on September 19th) is a statement of fact or a piece of blague, I wish to make it clear that the statement as it stands is absolutely true, and that I have had to suffer this mutilation of my book because, in spite of my protest, my publishers would not print the sermon referred to, since, in the present state of the law, it is impossible to know beforehand what some idiot of a magistrate might decide to call blasphemous or obscene.

Some proof that the sermon exists in my manuscript may be found on page 197 of the book, where there is a reference to it which has either escaped the notice of my publishers or, in their opinion, does not matter.

W. J. TURNER

29 Sussex Place,
Regent's Park, N.W.1.

FASCISM IN FINLAND

SIR,—May I underline the importance of the Antikainen case in Finland to which you referred in your Comments last week, as I have been in Finland investigating this case among others?

The background of all Finnish politics relating to the peasant vote is the memory of the terrible suppression in 1918 when, following their crushing of the workers and peasants revolt by German troops, the White Guards mowed down their chained prisoners in the village squares by machine-guns, and admitted in the Riksdag that 11,000 more had died of starvation in prison. It has therefore not been easy for the Fascists to win the poorer peasants.

Hence, the importance of the framed-up charge against Antikainen that he roasted a peasant on the camp fire on the night of his victory over the White Guards at Kiimasjarvi in 1922. Desperately anxious as the Whites have been to tell atrocity stories about the Red Army, nothing of this has been heard before in the thirteen years that have elapsed since. But to get a death sentence on it makes possible an immense electoral appeal about "this bestial crime against a peasant boy" for the Fascists to exploit in the coming election campaign.

The present Finnish Government is uncomfortable about this case. The trial was hurried through in prison. Only two witnesses were heard for the defence, and twenty, all hearsay stories, for the prosecution. Journalists, but not the public, were admitted to the trial. When even the "moderate" journalists grew sceptical, the trial was hurriedly ended with a life sentence. This is bad enough, but if the death penalty is revived retrospectively for this prisoner, very moderate democrats realise that the day of Finnish democracy has ended for the time being. English public opinion is respected

in Finland, and the English weekly journals are read there . . . hence the importance of these facts being known.

18 Guilford Street, W.C.1. ELLEN WILKINSON

Miscellany

THE WAR MOOD IN ITALY

[*The following is an extract from a letter received from an English correspondent in Milan.*]

MILAN has broken out in a rash of posters. They are pasted close together for whole lengths of streets. The most recurrent one is a really vivid, well-drawn picture of the Duce's head. The head is thrown back, the eyes look as if they saw farther than the ordinary man, the shoulders convey resistance, the whole, a sense of victory. It needs little imagination to understand what this picture means to the ordinary Italian—and he's just the same as the ordinary Englishman—even less politically intelligent, interested in food and drink and women, susceptible to romantic appeal, and as easily propaganded into giving his life for his country as was the Englishman during the Great War.

I'm convinced that the Abyssinian war will have practically every man in the country behind it. (1) A large number, the very young mostly, really believe in the "Fascist mission"—they are heartbreakingly sincere. (2) A probably larger number are just ignorant and can be worked up or down at will. (My "ignorant" means "politically uninterested" and covers people of all classes.) (3) Then there is the tiny fraction of intelligent people who it is remotely conceivable might refuse to fight; they would be imprisoned, maybe shot. (4) There are definitely a number of middle-class clerks and civil servants who wear the Fascist badge, but who are not Fascists, and freely say so. Unfortunately, I fear these people are "intelligentsia" in the worst sense, i.e., they like feeling different, they like talking; but I doubt if they would unite in any way. I don't feel they are as hopeful as a class as the same class of civil servants in Vienna. They would fight, smiling cynically, no doubt, but they would fight.

If anyone is really banking on Italy not being behind the Duce he is utterly astray. If Italy fights and wins, the Duce remains a hero; if Italy fights and loses, you will probably leave her as bitter and dissatisfied as Germany has been since 1918. If Italy gets what she wants by negotiation the Duce remains a hero; if she doesn't, again the bitterness—but actually in that case she'll fight. Horrible as it sounds, the best chance lies in letting Italy fight and blockading her—you might conceivably produce a Communist revolution—her soldiers won't go on if they are not decently treated. But capitalist Governments in other countries must know this, and, apart from the immediate loss of trade and swollen profits, are not likely to help produce another socialist country.

To appeal to the Italian public against the Duce will then be very difficult. How are you to convince minds twisted from birth, to revive intelligence in minds which have lost all habits of independent judgment? Are you to say to a worker, who may have just been given an exceedingly nice flat and lots of opportunities for cheap sport and travel, "Why not revolt against this lack of freedom of thought?"

The new workers' flats are not very striking architecturally, but they are comfortable and fairly cheap. They compare quite favourably with the Vienna flats. Also I was shown over one of the new schools, which are very fine indeed—light, airy, twenty to a class, garden with flowers, swimming bath, gymnasium, clean modern lavatories, doctor's room and dentist's room on the premises—everything one could desire for healthy bodies. And for the mind? Photographs of the Duce and the King in each room, and a picture of some soldier killed in the last war, after whom each classroom is named; the wallpaper is of the nursery kind, but the design is interspersed with little men giving the Fascist salute, and little, very real-looking cannons; all the children learn to use guns; all the teachers wear a Fascist uniform. The curriculum can be imagined. They may not be any worse than our own schools in general; but there is this vital difference—we are allowed not to fit in.

There are twenty of these brand new schools in Milan alone, and all the other schools, although old buildings, have similar amenities. Also, there are special little housing estates being built for large families. And there is a fine hospital for unmarried mothers, of whom I'm told there are plenty.

Besides the flats, schools, hospitals, etc., there is the amusements bribery. Whatever you are you join the organisation called Dopolavoro or "After-work," and by joining you are entitled to deductions in prices for everything—theatres, cinemas, swimming baths, railways, trams, etc. Now who is going to rebel, who wants to talk "freely," when one is given so much else to do? In all countries it is only a very small number of people who want to talk at all.

Another point. Italians usually bargain about things, and it may be a picturesque delusion that they like it. But if you are really poor it is more convenient to know that shopkeepers have to keep to certain maximum prices, and these prices must be hung up where you can see them. That is something new in Italy and certainly benefits the poor. Admittedly, some things are costly compared with England, but then the Italian lives differently.

So, I come back to two doubts. First, perhaps the thing won't work economically—I don't know whether all this spending on roads and houses and schools is good investment. Secondly, is there any point where the untrained, ignorant, mind wants "freedom," and will burst through? As I write this I can hear boys marching in the street, singing, shouting, apparently thoroughly happy in their new-found regimentation, their security of bodily comforts, the admiration which they get from their women. It's only the older generation who know something else, and possibly a boy here and there who doesn't fit in, who suffers under this monstrous worship of comfort and power. The rest are happy in their drugged dreams. That they aren't really happy, as I understand happiness, I surmise only from the fact that nowadays very few Italians smile—they are too earnestly important to smile.

* * *

The shouting and bands got so loud that I became curious. I found half Milan marching down the via Manzoni to the Cathedral Square. I trailed along. Did I say the Italian rarely smiles? You should have seen that procession. I saw a similar procession in Vienna last year—that is, similar inasmuch as it had been organised, advertised and the people probably had to walk in it willy-nilly—but the Austrians didn't like it and showed it. The Italians may have "had" to walk in the procession (which I discovered was to greet the return of their regiment from manoeuvres, naturally September 4th was a "convenient" day), but I'm sure that most of them enjoyed it. The streets were lined with people watching—four deep, I should say. Probably a third of the watchers gave the salute—and it's not done ostentatiously; it's quite natural to them, just like our waving. The procession was wandering in and out and round about the square for a couple of hours, and the crowd much enjoyed some of the more direct cartoons on Abyssinia. I think I'm right in saying that these were produced and carried mainly by students. Here is a specimen:

1. An Italian soldier, feet on Italy, stretched across the Mediterranean, stabs with a short knife at the middle of Abyssinia.
2. The Negus as a Jack in the Box pops up, looking very silly, and not in the least frightening the laughing Italian soldier who is "on guard."
3. The Italian soldier shaves the beard of the Negus.
4. The Italian soldier snuffs out the top of a candle of which the flame is the Negus's head.

Then there were more posters, all on the theme "Whose is Abyssinia? It is ours." One said that Abyssinia was a

country of savages and slaves. Another, "We will, we must win." Another, "With the League, without the League, against the League." Another, "The League is finished." Another cartoon showed Italy and France shaking hands and Great Britain trying to prevent it.

There is little doubt that most people consider a war inevitable and right. The idea that Mussolini might be made to climb down without war is just unthinkable.

I had last evening, after all this, a long talk with an intelligent and interesting Fascist—a man who had fought in the Fascist revolution and who has lived in Abyssinia. He says that personally he has no fear of death; he would not mind fighting for Italy. His point is that Italy must go through with this or Fascism fails. If we would give Italy economic interests in Abyssinia and the right to maintain an army there (as we did in, say, Iraq or Egypt) that would satisfy them. He denies that they want war for war's sake; he dislikes being coupled with the Nazis, whose mentality, he declares, is quite different. He says that Germany or Japan might and probably will wage a war of continuous expansion, but that Italy, when she has her colony (1) for reasons of economic necessity, and (2) for reasons of prestige, will not want to go further. When I pointed out that in choosing to become a "Great Power," instead of being a Denmark or a Switzerland, Italy must (if Mussolini is as intelligent and idealistic as is suggested) have known that they would have to face this horrible war business, he agreed. But he thought it ludicrous that anyone should suggest that Italy might not, despite poverty and war, want to be a Great Power. He doesn't believe, and I doubt if many Italians believe, that England will really oppose Italy; if the League tries sanctions, it will be beaten. Italy has been preparing in Africa since 1928 and won't run short very quickly. As an English person I had no argument against his statements about England being satiated and trying to stop other countries from playing her own game, about England's general hypocrisy, about the weakness of the League. As a Socialist I had a lot of arguments, but it was like two persons of different religions talking—we couldn't see each other's way of thinking and we felt it was rather rude to cast doubts on each other's Gods.

* * *

Just one more incident. About 7 o'clock the regiment marched in. Among them was a troop of men wearing gas masks and carrying the tanks of oxygen, or whatever it is. They had to fall out in a back street because the masks, although not fastened on absolutely tight as they would have to be in real war, made them so hot that it was unbearable. Their faces were crimson, and it wasn't such a very hot day.

SAINT-SAËNS AND ELGAR

SOME recognition that this year is the centenary of Saint-Saëns' birth (1835) was made by the B.B.C. in devoting a recent Promenade Concert to his music. The works selected were the Symphonic poem, *Phaéton* (1873), the violoncello concerto in A minor (1872), the pianoforte concerto No. 4 in C minor (1875), and the Symphony No. 3 in C minor for orchestra, organ and pianoforte duet (1886). It was a good representative programme, giving a pretty full idea of the composer's powers, though, of course, omitting any illustration of his operatic gifts; but it must be remembered that Saint-Saëns wrote many operas, of which at least one was enormously successful. Indeed, it gives one a contemptible but correct notion of the value of a contemporary opinion in any artistic matter when we recall the immense fuss that was made about his opera *Samson et Dalila*, and the fact that for very many years our censorship prohibited its performance at Covent Garden. It is more than doubtful now whether there is any future for such a work; indeed I would say categorically that there is none except as an unimportant piece of musical history to be looked at in museums—that is to say, performed by students at schools of music. Yet it must be admitted that Saint-Saëns was a musician of extraordinary talent, that his prodigious gifts were notable even from childhood, that he was not only remarkable as an executive musician, but also as a composer, and that his was one of the greatest European reputations as it remains one of the greatest names of the nineteenth century. That all this can be true and yet amount to almost nothing at all is a sobering fact.

The B.B.C. concert, in which Miss Thelma Reiss played the violoncello concerto, and that admirable pianist, Pouishnoff, the pianoforte concerto, gave one the opportunity to judge once more the qualities of Saint-Saëns, and I propose to state what my own impressions were, admitting that while I did not find anything unexpected, yet at the same time my earlier ideas became more definitely confirmed. That Saint-Saëns is in no sense a great composer his music makes very clear, but at the same time demonstrates that his powers of invention, of organisation, of clarity, fertility, logic and design are so vastly superior to that of the majority of composers who make a name that we may often wonder what it is that he lacks to make him a great master. Let us first hear what it is according to M. Romain Rolland! M. Rolland has said:

> He is tormented by no passions, and nothing perturbs the lucidity of his mind. At times his music seems to carry us back to Mendelssohn, to Spontini, to the school of Gluck. He brings into the midst of our present resentment something of the sweetness and clarity of past periods, something that seems like fragments of a vanished world.

This extract is an example of the perverse influence of political ideas on the judgment of critics in the sphere of art. M. Rolland's great gifts as a writer are often so perverted by political prejudice that even his genuine sensibility to music seems to vanish. Now by "political" I don't mean merely hatred of Jews, or Nazis, or Dictators, or Democracies; I mean subjection of the intellect to current eddies of thought. Nearly all criticism—whether of literature, music, or art in general—is at the mercy of fashion and vogue in intellectual circles, because there are very few men with minds powerful enough to be free. M. Rolland's mind—what there is left of it—is almost entirely at the mercy of passionate reactions and emotional excitements. He can write a book almost hysterical in its exaltation of Beethoven, and in it pass from Beethoven to Wagner without noticing that he *has* passed. So it is not surprising that he should bring the names of Gluck and Saint-Saëns together in the same paragraph, finding some connection between Saint-Saëns and Gluck, because he (R. R.) considers the present age mad, the composer Saint-Saëns—being obviously not "advanced" and modern—as sane, and, therefore, Saint-Saëns, like the good old writers of the past, sweet and clear! Now Saint-Saëns is certainly clear, but about as sweet and clear in the dawn-freshness sense of a Gluck as an early morning street-drill in Oxford Circus. Also, Gluck is a tragic composer of tremendous profundity and direct simplicity of utterance. Saint-Saëns has absolutely no tragic sense, and could not be simple and direct, but only straightforward and empty.

Yet, as I have said, Saint-Saëns was a highly gifted man and some of his works retain an interest and a value for their native qualities. I would say this of the symphonic poems. *Phaéton*, *Le Rouet d'Omphale*, *Danse Macabre* are miniature masterpieces in their genre whose clarity and invention will always give pleasure, and they have few competitors, although, perhaps, the most perfect specimen of this kind of work is by another greatly gifted French composer who has recently died, Paul Dukas, whose *L'Apprenti Sorcier* is perhaps the perfect example of this sort of musical description at its best.

But listening to his greater scale works at the centenary concert, I found myself reminded of Elgar again and again, although in some ways the two men could not offer a greater contrast in temperament and character. Both had logical minds and more natural musical facility than creative genius; both flopped hopelessly into bathos and sentimentality when trying to be emotionally expressive; both fell back upon the organ as an additional weapon when in this mood, and achieved

monuments of banality with its assistance. For example, in the second movement of the famous C minor Symphony, *poco adagio*, Saint-Saëns introduces his trump card, the organ, and the result is so blatant in its ostentatious simplicity that one almost laughs aloud as one hears it. There is more of a Salvation Army note in Elgar when he, too, collapses in this way, as in the A flat Symphony, but really Elgar's is better, because it is more genuinely silly. There is some positive content in Elgar's vulgarity, whereas Saint-Saëns' is just inane. And this lapse of Saint-Saëns follows an astonishing first movement whose logical power of design is utterly beyond the capacity of an inferior musical mind. Then, like Elgar, Saint-Saëns has written a very agreeable and unpretentious 'cello concerto, in which his innate musical gifts display themselves straightforwardly. Nevertheless, the upshot of it all is that after making the most handsome acknowledgment of great natural gifts, neither of these two famous composers can be admitted by us to belong to the category of even the minor great masters like Brahms and Chopin, but by the requirements of a by no means unnecessary nationalism each has been hoisted into a higher position in his own country than is strictly justified.

Having mentioned Paul Dukas, I should like to suggest to the B.B.C. that something should be done by it to remedy our almost complete ignorance of the works of this gifted composer outside the well-known *L'Apprenti Sorcier* and *La Péri*. As there is no chance of our being able to hear his remarkable opera, *Ariane et Barbe Bleu*, at Covent Garden, could not the B.B.C. arrange a concert performance of this work on the lines adopted in the case of Alban Berg's *Wozzeck*? This is exactly the sort of service the B.B.C. alone can do in the cause of music, and one such achievement will atone for the multitude of crimes the B.B.C. is compelled to perform weekly over the wireless for the supposed amusement of its licence-holders. The B.B.C. is taking away so much from musical culture with its right-hand distribution of tap-music from its studios that it is necessary to insist that its left hand gives back a little occasionally.

W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Dryden at Northampton

The birth of John Dryden at Aldwincle Rectory, Northamptonshire, is being celebrated this week by the Northampton Repertory Theatre, which is staging a Dryden Festival in his honour. The play chosen for the Festival, *Marriage à la Mode*, proved a wise choice, for this witty, satirical comedy has not been seen on the stage since its production at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, some five years ago, when Athene Seyler played the affected Melantha. High praise must be awarded to Mr. Osborne Robinson for his delightful black and white permanent setting and gay costumes, though one is tempted to criticise the choice of such a setting for what is admittedly an artificial comedy, and especially when it robbed the grotto scene of much of its humour and resulted in all the characters wearing clothes which made little or no distinction between their various ranks. The producer, Mr. Bladon Peake, confronted with a heavy task, wisely decided to concentrate on pace, and the comedy went with a swing throughout. The play opened and closed to music, and one could have wished for even more, especially in between the various scenes. Outstanding members of the cast were Oswald Dale Roberts (Polydamas), Donald Gordon (Palamede), Katharine Page (Doralice) and Freda Jackson (Melantha), all of whom gave beautiful performances. The Northampton Repertory Theatre has done a fine and courageous thing, and one looks forward eagerly to the next Dryden Festival.

China Seas at the Empire

In spite of the efforts of Jean Harlow, Clark Gable, Wallace Beery, a typhoon, Lewis Stone and a bag of Mills bombs, *China Seas* is never a very vital affair. The direction and cutting seem to have made a hash of the story and three major stars. The film opens with some good atmosphere in an eastern port, with Captain Gaskell (Clark Gable) returning from a three days' jag to take his ship and its cargo of gold and high-class passengers through the typhoon-ridden, pirate-infested China seas to Shanghai. He gets three shocks in quick succession; first Wallace Beery is apprehended in the act of shipping a party of cut-throats on board; secondly, Captain Gable's local bit (Jean Harlow) has booked a passage, since she cannot bear him out of her sight; lastly, a real breath of the Shires is on board in the shape of his boyhood love, who married the wrong man. Squally weather between the two women is interrupted by the typhoon, which, again, is followed by the pirates, led by a wonderful impersonation of Byron in Fancy Dress. The temporary third officer (Lewis Stone) redeems a life of cowardice by his heroic end, Love and Jealousy play their part, while the ship duly reaches Shanghai and the end of the picture. The only one of the three stars who really scores is Jean Harlow, who has a good part, and, with her usual thoroughness and competence, makes the most of it. Neither Clark Gable (no longer a gentleman but still a fine sailor) nor Wallace Beery (a pirate in fool's clothing) get sufficient contrast in their parts to suggest the mixture of good and evil on which the whole success and moral of the story depends. This time Hollywood has made all the usual sacrifices to the stars, but the oracle has not worked.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, September 20th—
Leslie A. Paul on "Youth Movements," Conway Hall, 7.30.

SATURDAY, September 21st—
"The Ghost That Never Returns," Kingsway Hall, 3, 6 and 8.15.
"Hard To Be a Jew." His Majesty's Theatre.

SUNDAY, September 22nd—
Prof. H. Levy on "Is Reason Enough," Conway Hall, 11.

MONDAY, September 23rd—
"Koanga," Covent Garden. Opening of Opera Festival.
"Peer Gynt." Old Vic. Opening Night.
"In Such a World." Grafton Theatre.

TUESDAY, September 24th—
"Dusty Ermine." Arts Theatre.

WEDNESDAY, September 25th—
Royal Horticultural Society Autumn Show. Olympia.
"The Apple Cart." Cambridge Theatre.

TRIPLE SHELL LUBRICATING OIL

officially recommended by

HUMBER

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

IMAGINE an experiment in autobiography, cast in a fantastic form and written casually, with no thought of its being a masterpiece, by Sterne, Samuel Butler and W. H. Hudson in collaboration. Sterne would plan the book (or leave out the plan), giving it a score of absurd, unexpected twists and whimsical digressions that would contain the real gist of what he had to say. Sterne would plan the book, but Butler would write it, posing the devastating questions of an *enfant terrible*, with the demure manner of an old gentleman handing round muffins at a tea-party. And then Hudson, the Hudson of *The Crystal Age* and of *Green Mansions*, would suddenly make the dry pages shake with natural beauty, rustling leaves, birds clapping their wings, serpents gliding and the breeze at sunrise. It would be a queer book, but no odder or more original than *Blow for Balloons*, by W. J. Turner (Dent, 7*s.* 6*d.*). It starts off with some wonderful foolery:

> It may be simpler not to look too far for the origin of things, but to see everything as the product or the sum of all the things around it. This is to-day called dialectical materialism; it was by this method that the Darwinians converted one species into another and in their day the process was called natural selection. What turned natural selection into dialectical materialism was a man named Karl Marx. Darwin invented natural selection, Karl Marx invented dialectical materialism, but who invented Darwin and Karl Marx? The dialectic answer is: all the vegetables and animals, insects and minerals, star-dust and gas, men and women working together in time and space, but the intelligent reader will not believe it. . . . Everything has a cause and the cause of anything is everything. I offer that profound idea to all who are worried because they cannot understand what is happening around them. It explains why they have lumbago, if they have lumbago; why they are Fascists, if they are Fascists; why they are Communists if they are Communists; and also why on this earth there are Germans, English, Americans, Chinese, Japanese, Russians, but no Cortopans, Chollohooks, Baglydaps, Gallorobs and Pekinatans as there are on Mars.

There is a touch of the comic column in such a paper as *The New Yorker*, but one feels that the man who wrote it had been reading *Hamlet*. It is a kind of joking that changes from nonsense to profound truth; that is funny because it suddenly reveals the abyss on which we are perched. But my readers are perhaps wondering why I began by talking about Sterne, Butler and Hudson. And here I should explain that I don't believe for a moment that W. J. Turner is equal to any one of those writers, still less to all three of them rolled into one, but that I invoked their names simply because I did not know how to give an impression of *Blow For Balloons*.

> Why Henry should be proud of something his ancestors could not help doing is a little odd—but there is no doubt of it. I have heard Henry too often tell how his grandparents took six months in a sailing vessel, eating nothing but salt beef and drinking nothing but water almost as salt, not to have noticed the pride in his voice. But Henry believes that what his ancestors have done he himself has done. Perhaps he is not wrong.

That is very like Butler, and so is a most amusing series of letters in which the hero's grandfather writes: "I am a member of the Church of England but not a Christian" to a missionary in China, thus causing a considerable rumpus:

> There is one point, however, on which I think my father was right. Although not a Christian, he was a member of the Church of England, having been baptised and brought up in the church of his fathers as I have been and as my children have been. None of us are Christians and never, I trust, shall any of the descendants of our stock become Christians or, what is still worse, fall a prey to any new-fangled religion . . . but I hope they will always remain, while England has a Church . . . proper Englishmen and members of the Church of England, from which birthright no Christian priest or bishop can exclude them.

Samuel Butler would have very much enjoyed writing that.

* * *

> I saw a number of galleon-like goldfish each with a cloud of filmy tails. As we watched them scattered about the tank they suddenly drew together and began to move in regular formation making a series of complicated and pretty evolutions. In my amazement I was about to ask how they could possibly have been trained to do such a thing when my guide exclaimed, "The Princess is coming!" Possibly I looked at him enquiringly for he added: "Every woman has her natural tune just as every woman has her natural perfume. This is the tune of the Princess which her goldfish are performing and they always do it when she is approaching. But the rhythm of it is so subtle that no musician has yet been able to discover the tune!"

There are many lovelier passages, describing savages, the beauty of the Australian bush, the physical pleasure of breathing and of bathing, all of which reminded me strongly of Hudson. If I have pressed the point of the strangely different flavours which make up *Blow for Balloons*, it is because the book is a strange mixture of many different moods. W. J. Turner is a poet; under the thinnest pretence of a novel he is trying to explain to us the different strains in his make-up. A fantastic picture of his ancestors is broken up and interrupted by the exposition of his opinions, and is followed by his memories as a boy and his feelings as an adolescent. The result is not a unity; the book flags in places, changes its direction and its nature. It is too short; it is too long; it is neither one thing nor another. But I have not enjoyed a book so much for a long while; it is one of those books about which I feel an intense personal feeling, which I would keep secret if I were not under a necessity to write this page. I know already it is a book I shall quarrel over with my friends. To me *Blow for Balloons* is a test case, not of literature (I do not seriously class it with *Tristram Shandy*, *The Way of All Flesh* or *The Crystal Age*) but of personal affinity, like the tests for suitability of blood transfusion. If you feel as I do, there is a secret, probably chemical, affinity between us. If you don't, however politely we may behave, we are dog and cat. Books that have this violent effect are dangerous and painful; they cannot be judged simply as literature or as works of art. They can poison friendships, separate lovers, embitter a man's dying moments. Some people will be bored by *Blow for Balloons*; most will laugh and like it here and there. Very few will feel as I do. I know the book is in one sense a failure; that the fantasy and the opinions of the author slip awkwardly into the account of his adolescence; yet the book is scented through and through with exquisite perfumes; it has the qualities of imagination and wit which I most enjoy, and it expresses very many of my opinions better than I can express them myself. Indeed, I am ready to confess that that is probably the reason why Mr. Turner's book has so much delighted me. Those who are irritated by his opinions will not enjoy his nonsense and his humour, for a man's opinions and his nonsense are very closely linked, and it is the things in the no-man's land between them at which he is most inclined to laugh. Thus, for example, I agree with Mr. Turner's defence of his brother-in-law who had lived in India for several years:

> I don't believe he had ever seen an Indian; certainly he was surrounded by the dark-complexioned people who inhabited Bombay, where his business was, but naturally it would not occur to him that they were Indians and that he was in India, a country of Indians where he was an interloper. An idea of such perversity could never have entered so right and unperverse a head. . . . I have come to have as much (if not more) sympathy with my brother-in-law's natural ignorance and disregard of India and the Indians—which is matched by a similar unconcern for England and the English by all decent Indians—as I have for my friend E. M. Forster's extraordinary tenderness for that country and its inhabitants. And into this no valuation of either England or India by me enters.

I can agree completely, and laugh at this defence of lack of intellectual curiosity—and laugh still more, because I still agree, when Mr. Turner goes on to say:

> I am, I admit, offended by a total disregard of Borneo, an island which has always seemed to me unlike every other island, one whose postage stamps were especially prized by me and my brother at about the age of thirteen; for not only were its stamps (really of Labuan) much more strange and formidable in aspect (they may have been forgeries) and darkly suggestive in colour than any others, but throughout the nineteenth century it was an island which remained obstinately impervious to the advance of civilisation.

I wonder how many contra-suggestive readers, who would otherwise have liked the book, have been put off it for ever by my raptures?

DAVID GARNETT

Mechanisation and The Wage-Earners at Bournville

By R. E. DAVIDSON

IN 1919 a ½-lb. block of Cadbury milk chocolate was retailed at 2*s.* 2*d.* In 1935 it costs no more than 7½*d.* This sensational reduction in price is due to two causes. One cause is a drop in the price of raw materials, over which the firm naturally exercise no control. The other cause is the mechanisation of the factory. One of the old machines on which these blocks were moulded, 16 years ago, still stands in a corner of the works. It involved over a dozen operations between the arrival of the hot liquid chocolate and the delivery of the cooled and moulded blocks. Naturally no fingers touched the chocolate during all these processes, but the obsolete machine could not function without the vigilant assistance of a gang of men.

Near at hand stand the modern moulding machines. At one end a watcher sees that the great mixing cauldron is full of hot chocolate. No other eyes or hands are engaged in the process at any point. At the far end of the long rack cool, moulded blocks pass a steel finger, which unerringly deflects any faulty blocks; but the perfect blocks pass—unaided and untended—down a chute to be wrapped and packed. The machine has eliminated many manual operations, and contributed its quota towards the substantial cut of 1*s.* 6½*d.* in the retail price of each block.

But readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION are more passionately interested in human beings than in the machinery which they operate, or the commodities which they produce. Everybody knows that mechanisation can accelerate production and cheapen commodities. But we should regard both advantages as too dearly bought if mechanisation laid hundreds of hands idle, or calloused minds and spirits by the interminable repetition of dreary tasks. So it is good to know that at Bournville mechanisation has not been accompanied by such disasters.

Eight hundred more people are employed to-day than in 1929. The male labour has certainly not been calloused, for when a factory is highly mechanised it can only be run by skilled engineers; a machine which makes 300 cocoa tins per minute from flat sheet cannot be operated by a halfwit. There is little unskilled labour at Bournville, and the majority of the youthful learners are gradually converted into tradesmen. It is true that automatic machinery always demands a staff of workers who are "practised" rather than "skilled," but at Bournville the machines are nearly all "light," so that repetition work is mostly undertaken by female labour. These women are by no means condemned to a lifetime of soulless monotony.

One main protection is that the bulk of them marry, spending only a few years on this type of work; for the factory employs no married women except as cooks and cleaners. But pending marriage a network of organisation, carefully planned, insures that repetition work shall not injure them. Until 18 years of age they spend one day of each week at the factory school, where the curriculum includes gymnasium and swimming. There is a compulsory break every hour. They are trained in all the operations of their particular department, be it packing, or box-making, or filling, so that their daily employment furnishes ample variety. They are given one free Saturday in four, and have themselves refused to accept a five-day week on the ground that if they were always at home on Saturday morning they would be expected to do more housework for their parents! Most eloquent of all, the girls themselves do not complain of monotony, though their works council is pressed to become vocal once every fortnight. To an imaginative outsider many jobs in industry are apt to seem intolerable; what could appear drearier than to hoe turnips for six successive days? But in actual fact a man or woman who has practised a simple task till it becomes automatic seldom suffers from boredom. The control of the manual actions is transferred to the subconscious mind, and the conscious mind is liberated for meditation, for daydreams, for any exercise which appeals to the individual. If the conditions of labour are bad, the toil exhausting, the atmosphere uncongenial, and the remuneration inadequate, the conscious mind may concentrate on grievances, and turn sour. But if the work is light, the atmosphere sympathetic, and the wages high, the conscious mind will always find some happy, private occupation.

While the nimble fingers of the Bournville girls flicker at incredible speed over moving belt or chocolate mould or box units, their minds are obviously as free and blithe as skylarks. They smile and chatter and sing. If some agitator hailed them as the downtrodden helots of a brutal capitalism the shops would ring with derisive laughter. Visit them and talk to them, as I did. You will depart satisfied that mechanisation need exert no disastrous effects upon the human spirit.

Again, it has been urged that mechanisation eliminates the need for craftsmanship, and so tends to reduce wages. So far as male labour is concerned in a "light" industry utilising few heavy machine tools, I have already shown that the tendency is to exclude unskilled male labour, or to convert unskilled male labour into skilled labour; and skilled male labour always commands its due wage. In such industries female labour must be largely occupied in the swift repetition of simple tasks. But given humane direction and efficient management such female labour need never be underpaid. Because Bournville is mechanised, and able to market its cocoa and chocolate cheaply, it is assured a huge turnover.

Any Birmingham mother will assure you that Cadbury's pays its girls well; and there is fierce competition amongst local parents to secure vacancies. But Cadbury's are not content merely to pay a wage above union rates, and to add the medical, dental and cultural services characteristic of the best modern industrial enterprises; they superimpose on all this a profit-sharing scheme. Bournville is a private company, and no millionaire in the world can buy a single Cadbury share. But a block of imaginary shares are credited to the ownership of the wage-earners. Every year dividends at the full family rate on these imaginary shares are pooled.

The first annual charge on the pool is a bonus for short time, whether due to bad trade, a general strike, or any other interruption. The remainder is split into shares, every wage-earner being credited with from one to three shares, according to length of service. In 1934, after £5,000 had been drawn from the pool to pay the indicated short time bonus, the remainder was distributed to the 9,000 wage-earners in sums ranging from fifteen guineas downwards.

So at Bournville academic prejudices against mechanisation are blown to smithereens. The wage-earners value mechanisation as a boon to themselves, irrespective of its value for the manufacturer and for the consumer.

NEW NOVELS

Richard Savage. By GWYN JONES. *Gollancz.* 8s. 6d.
Darby and Joan. By MAURICE BARING. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.
Black Parade. By JACK JONES. *Faber and Faber.* 7s. 6d.
Stoker Bush. By JAMES HANLEY. *Chatto and Windus.* 7s. 6d.
Men Adrift. By ANTHONY BERTRAM. *Chapman and Hall.* 7s. 6d.
It Cannot Be Stormed. By ERNST VON SALOMAN. Translated by M. S. STEPHENS. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.
Summer in Williamsburg. By DANIEL FUCHS. *Constable.* 7s. 6d.

In the long, brilliant series of literary portraits designed by Dr. Johnson, few are more dramatic than that of Richard Savage, the bohemian playwright and poet, born, as he considered, to wealth and position, who experienced the utmost miseries of a hack's career. Illegitimate son of Lady Macclesfield and Lord Rivers, Savage spent the better part of his existence struggling for the recognition and social security that he never achieved. Having learned the curious secret of his birth, he did his best to make himself known to his mother (who had now re-married), but she refused to recognise him; and the unhappy young man contracted a habit of prowling, night after night, up and down outside her Bond Street lodging, "in hopes of seeing her as she might come by accident to the window, or cross her apartment with a candle in her hand." Once he was forcibly expelled from the house. . . . Such expectations and such disappointments might have unsettled a stronger head. Certainly, they proved fatal to Richard Savage. He took to drinking, writing verse, frequenting low company, and, being involved in a disreputable midnight affray, drew his sword and killed a quarrelsome stranger; for which he was very nearly hung. Thenceforward, his life consisted of a rapid and ignominious progress from bad to worse. He explored the lowest depths of London squalor:

> . . . And passed the night sometimes in mean houses, which are set open at night to any casual wanderer, sometimes in cellars, among the riot and filth of the meanest and most profligate of the rabble; and sometimes, when he had not money to support even the expenses of these receptacles, walked about the streets till he was weary, and lay down in the summer upon a bulk, or in the winter, with his associates in poverty, among the ashes of a glasshouse.

Eventually, he expired in a provincial jail where he had been confined for debt; and Johnson, who follows his career with a greater degree of sympathy than he sometimes allowed to the evidences of human folly and weakness, concludes by observing that the sad story will not be without its use if it helps to console those who are equally ill-starred, or to remind "those, who, in confidence of superior capacities or attainments, disregard the common maxims of life . . . that nothing will supply the want of prudence; and that negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible."

Thus far the Doctor, dignified yet lively, sympathetic yet sententious, staid and solemn, yet, in sudden flashes, extraordinarily vivid. No better account of Savage's hopes, triumphs and miseries is likely to be written; but we could not expect that his bones would be allowed to slumber in peace; and a modern novelist, Mr. Gwyn Jones, has now broken down the door of his tomb, dragged forth the skeleton and exposed it—to the edification of the middle-brow reading public—clad in all the trappings of modern romance. *Richard Savage* is the lineal descendant of *Anthony Adverse*. As a novel, it shows a kindred fertility of imagination—though considerably less descriptive art—and the same complete lack of period sense. It has very little relation to the age it describes. The author's style pitches uneasily from archaism to modernism; and there is an amusing passage devoted to the execution of the villainous Captain Rawsley, "lover, fighter, thief, and egoist," where Rawsley, having "hectored it somewhat whilst in the cart" and "quaffed" a bottle of wine offered him on the way, bids the priest who has accompanied him to "Shut up!"—an expression for which the Oxford Dictionary can provide no authority earlier than 1853.

These absurdities—which might, in themselves, be relatively unimportant—and the really excruciating banality of Mr. Jones' narrative method, will not interfere with—indeed, may possibly improve—the book's chances of popular success. Who demands of a modern novel that it should imply any grasp of experience, any sensitiveness to the conditions in which genuine works of art are created, any feeling for the careful use of words? Not the public for whom modern novels are written. And by the standards of that public, *Richard Savage*, providing as it does a rapid and easy escape from the problems of everyday existence, deserves to enjoy an extensive sale . . . *Darby and Joan*, too, will sell—but for very different and far more respectable reasons. With many of us, Mr. Maurice Baring has become an extremely pleasant and salutary habit, like a cup of lime-tea taken every night before retiring to bed. His stories are always delicate and faint-flavoured. Usually, there is an undertaste of regret. The *milieu* is prosperous; and the drama is generally staged some thirty or forty years ago, at a period when Death Duties had not yet begun to take their disastrous toll, and the amenities of the Diplomatic Service were not yet seriously imperilled by the advent of competitive examination.

Darby and Joan is the only novel by Mr. Baring I can remember having read that did not end in an atmosphere of general heart-break and a subdued rumour of "Church music off." The last pages are so cheerful as to be almost commonplace. Alexander marries Joan; but previously, thanks to a number of misunderstandings—letters going astray, situations being gravely misinterpreted by the persons concerned—each of them has wedded an unsuitable partner, and Joan's husband, Lord Glencairn, has murdered the husband of the famous actress with whom he is madly in love and has himself committed suicide. It is typical of Mr. Baring's method that, when Lord Glencairn first announces that he does not intend to consummate his marriage and afterwards that he has shot Count Chiaromonte, his wife should receive the news with the most perfect composure, that she should merely give him a look of "immense sadness." In the parrot- or monkey-house of modern fiction, such aristocratic self-restraint is all to the good.

From these altitudes we descend to the welter of contemporary realism. *Black Parade* is a far better book than its predecessor, *Rhondda Roundabout*; and, if Mr. Jack Jones continues to develop, one day we may look forward to a very good book indeed. *Black Parade* is a story of the South Wales coal-mining district both before and after the Depression. In the earlier episodes life is harsh, housing conditions are vile; but there is plenty of work, not a little money to spend, and an air of rude health about the industry upon which all the characters rely for their existence. This, I

Open your eyes

This paper,* unlike many of those which clutter the world, serves a purpose. But it is not, therefore, dull. Its purpose is to relate world events with the best books which have been written about or bear any relation to those events. It ties the printed word to the actions of men and women; and either interprets those actions in terms of the most interesting and socially exact philosophy ever conceived, or it informs its readers where they may, in fact, procure books which deal with those events from a point of view at variance with the one usually propounded.

In short, this paper tells you how to analyse from a constructive socialist angle the major events of the world to-day.

It is published by a firm of book publishers called Martin Lawrence, Ltd., but this does not mean that it will call your attention only to the books published by that firm. True, Martin Lawrence, Ltd., publish more socialist works and more authoritative socialist works than any other publisher in these islands: true, also, that Martin Lawrence, Ltd., does not publish books by authors who purport to be socialists but are in fact nothing of the kind. This does not mean, though, that they have an entire monopoly of clear-thinking writers. They haven't, and they therefore feel that this paper would not serve its readers' best interests if they were to withhold any relevant and correct information about the problems of to-day.

This paper is designed and produced that you may know what books to borrow and what books to buy. It will ignore what is unworthy and it will do its best not to miss what is good. Beyond that it does not claim to travel. But if you want an accurate picture of the modern world you will read the books which it suggests to you—or, at least, as many of them as you can find time to read.

* The Eye, published by us at this address. First copy (September 1935), free—write for it enclosing half-penny stamp.

MARTIN LAWRENCE LIMITED
33 GREAT JAMES STREET, W.C.1

The Beachcomber

William McFee

'That McFee is one of the major novelists of the day no one can possibly doubt. His power and range are implicit in every page he writes.'—*The Observer.*

'A story which becomes ever more exciting and provocative. It is a really fine piece of work: McFee at his very best.'—*Sunday Times.* 8/6

Fool's Quarter Day

Louis Marlow

This new long novel by Mr. Marlow promises to be even more successful than *Swan's Milk*. The character-drawing is exceedingly good: the story unusual and exciting. Robert Kinnell, the 'fool' of the title, is admirably conceived both in his weaknesses and his merits. 'Most admirably done.'—*Sunday Times.* 7/6

Idle Hands

Edward Charles

'And now (thought Mary) there were all these women after Hilary; and Hilary was forty . . . what would they make of Hilary when they'd done with him?' An uncomfortable reflection for Mary, since she was Hilary's wife and very much in love with her attractive though temperamental husband. We give this quotation as Mr. Charles's new novel is too original to be condensed in a commonplace description. 7/6

A Grammar of the Film

Raymond Spottiswoode

This book provides the first popular but systematic study of the principles of film technique. Mr. Spottiswoode takes us into the studio and shows how the art of Cinema differs from other arts. He succeeds in giving to the many mysterious terms such as *montage* the clear connotations they need; and discusses the past and the future trend of the film.

With 16 illustrations. 10/6

I and Me

E. Graham Howe

A strikingly original and illuminating analysis of the self by a medical psychologist. Dr. Howe is the author of *Morality and Reality*, and Associate Physician at the Institute of Medical Psychology 7/6

Bright Armour

Monica Salmond

'An account of a nurse's work in war time. The author, then, was Monica Grenfell, Lord Desborough's daughter. . . . Admirably direct and objective. . . . Recaptures the tense unbalanced atmosphere of London.'—*Evening Standard.* 7/6

FABER & FABER

Ur of the Chaldees

Sir Leonard Woolley

Now in *The Faber Library.* 3/6

The Book of Joad

C. E. M. Joad

Mr. Joad's provocative autobiography has been reissued in *The Faber Library.* 3/6

Janus

George Barker

Two imaginative pieces of prose fiction by one of the best known of the younger poets. 7/6

Poems

Louis MacNeice

Mr. MacNeice, a contemporary of W. H. Auden at Oxford, is considered the most original Irish poet of his generation. 6/-

Black Parade

a novel by Jack Jones

A lusty vivid picture of three generations of men and women, a companion piece to *Rhondda Round-about*, yet larger in its sweep and firmer in craftsmanship than Mr. Jones's successful first novel. The back drop to the story is the great problem of the mines. 7/6

Go Home, Unicorn

Donald Macpherson

An exciting scientific thriller of unusual quality which one is obliged to read to a finish. The strange and hair-raising events of the story belong to the borderland between biology and the occult, and involve a group of intelligent people in a University city. 7/6

think, is the best half of the narrative. Mr. Jones excels at simple straightforward narration; he describes miners getting up, miners scrubbing off the coal-dust that has engrained itself into their skins during the day, miners with their girls, and, on riotous Saturday nights, among the pubs, boxing-booths and cheap-jack stalls that line the village street.

Stoker Bush, on the other hand, is less satisfactory than Mr. James Hanley's previous publication, *The Furys*. Judging by internal evidence, I cannot help imagining that it may be a much earlier book, temporarily set aside and now, rather unfortunately, resuscitated. It is cruder than I should have expected from the book that it follows; and poor Chris, an Othello of the stoke-hole, cuckolded by a pretty, fickle, shallow wife, makes a wooden and uninteresting protagonist. Up to page 270, however, it churns ahead not unimpressively; but at this point, having stowed away on a ship returning to England, underneath the bunk of a bibulous and amorous first-class passenger, Stoker Bush casts off the fetters of humdrum realism, and the prose style becomes correspondingly hard to digest. In the last episode, the liner strikes an iceberg; and Chris Bush accomplishes an heroic rescue.

Designated by its author, Mr. Anthony Bertram, an "experimental novel," *Men Adrift* is one of those gallant and forlorn attempts of which the historian of the twentieth century may write that they were magnificent but, unfortunately, not literature—courageous, if not particularly effective. Here is an attempt to give us a panorama of contemporary society in the fluid state:

> "We are rudderless."
> "We sail on. We have no choice. We are men adrift."
> "But if there are rocks?"
> "Ah," said Gillespie.

So the book rumbles to its conclusion. Gillespie, I must explain, is a massive, prophetic personage, slightly larger than real life, whose favourite drink is a pint of gin and angostura, and who is full of sardonic wisdom and animal gusto. Under his auspices, and those of his smaller companion, a flickering shadow-play of contemporary bogies crosses the stage. . . .

Men Adrift may be read as a curiosity—an example of the lengths to which modern writers have been driven in their efforts to puzzle out the phantasmagoria of contemporary life. *It Cannot Be Stormed* is an historical document, and, as such, extremely interesting; for it contains a vivid account of agrarian agitation in Germany just after the War, and throws an odd light on the genesis of the National-Socialist party before it had discarded its Socialist colours. The book is well written and, in parts, remarkably readable; though the long discursive passages, with which it is interlarded, are often uncommonly dull. . . . *Summer in Williamsburg* is a realistic novel in the modern American manner. Slices of life, the more unappetising the better, are piled up without much art; but there are some lively episodes of a brutal and violent kind. Mr. Fuchs' stylistic mannerisms are immature; but he has a harsh directness that many English novelists could use to advantage.

PETER QUENNELL

A powerful and controversial novel from "the left," which readers of the "New Statesman" should on no account fail to read.

MEN ADRIFT

by

ANTHONY BERTRAM

(*Author of "They Came to the Castle," etc.*)

* * *

RALPH STRAUS *writes:* ". . . the discerning reader will be delighted and even thrilled, for here is no unpatterned thing, but a brave and cunningly contrived and bitterly satirical panorama of our post-war world. . . . It is not a 'nice' book, and you may think it slightly mad, but it is a good book, and I recommend it to those who are not afraid to leave the ordinary tracks."

Sunday Times.

CHAPMAN & HALL

ARMAMENTS KING

Zaharoff, The Armaments King. By ROBERT NEUMANN. *Allen and Unwin.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Robert Neumann, a distinguished German novelist, has written a serious and highly important study of one of the strangest figures of this century. Because he is a novelist he has cast it into the form of something like a detective novel. Here is an extract from his Preface:

> The victim of this biography . . . does everything he can to confuse the picture. You ask for his birth certificate. Alas, a fire destroyed the church registers. You search for a document concerning him in the archives of the Vienna War Office. The folder is there, but empty; the document has vanished. After all sorts of difficulties you obtain permission to inspect the papers of a law case. The papers are sent for, but, alas, no one in the office can find them.

Mr. Neumann has therefore made up his story not only from commonly available documents, but also from sources which, with a novelist's technique, he designates by such titles as "the beggar H.; the banker Ch.; the ex-premier D.; the agent of a prince, Ro. (a man of very great shrewdness)." Despite this, one finishes his book with a profound belief in its sanity and truthfulness. The explanations of these dark agents and bankers are never accepted at their face value: Mr. Neumann sifts them and criticises them as carefully as a Scotland Yard detective examines the stories of a "nark." At the end we have a like confidence that the investigator has found, if not the truth, at least a high probability.

The story that Mr. Neumann publishes begins in Tatavla, a poor Greek district of Constantinople. Later, it was alleged to begin in the Phanar, a rich suburb. The difference is the same as that between a Levi born in Aldgate and a Levi born in Park Lane. But Zaharoff, or Zahar, seems to have been born certainly in Tatavla, in the year 1849, 1851, 1855, or 1858—you may take your choice. He seems to have been a guide or a doorkeeper to the brothels, and to have been a fireman. The last may seem to be a respectable trade, but only if you do not know anything of the Constantinople of last century. The firemen were generally assumed not only to start fires, but also to loot thoroughly all the places to which they were summoned.

Also it seems likely that the young Zaharoff made a brief appearance at Vilkomir, in Russia. There is a Mr. Hyman Barnett Zaharoff from that place who has spent many years trying to compel Sir Basil to acknowledge him as his son. Is he the son? Mr. Neumann, officially, is not sure. Nor is he even quite sure whether "Basilius Zacharoff," who in 1873 pleaded guilty at the Old Bailey to pledging merchandise not his own and worth £1,000, is the man he is investigating. But his doubts seem purely official—the evidence as he marshals it only points one way.

Till 1877 Zaharoff's history was sordid and uninteresting. In October of that year Skuludis, a Greek millionaire, set him on the road to fortune by recommending him to Nordenfelt as their agent in Athens. He was allowed £5 a week. He earned much more. He sold the Nordenfelt guns to the Turks, and then to the Greeks to fight the Turks with: he even sold the almost-seaworthy Nordenfelt submarine. Soon he was in bitter trade and personal rivalry with a more famous figure, Sir Hiram Maxim. His methods were already notoriously Levantine: Maxim had the better gun, but Zaharoff the fewer scruples. Maxim began in later years to admire him: he calls him in his memoirs only "Mr. Zedzed," and recounts almost complacently how his own agents were made drunk at tests and his guns tampered with. For in 1888 this foolish rivalry was ended: "Mr. Zedzed" and Maxim came into alliance in the Maxim-Nordenfelt Company. (Nordenfelt himself, who was merely an inventor, was shortly

after squeezed out; later still the company became the famous Vickers.) Zaharoff moved to St. Petersburg.

From this period date the stories of his more extravagant deals —the admirals bribed by sales of yachts at £10, or by purchases from them of chandeliers at 150,000 roubles. From this period too dates his love affair. In a Spanish railway carriage he met a young married woman, Maria del Pilar Antonia Angela Patrocinio Simona de Muguiro y Beruete, whose husband was a Bourbon, the Duke of Villafranca de los Caballeros, cousin of the King. He was also shortly found to be a lunatic. She was a Catholic and her principles forbade divorce, but, according to Mr. Neumann's indication, they did not forbid intimate relations with a rising young armaments trader. If he had a son he would not acknowledge, this was shortly balanced (we are allowed to infer) by two daughters he would have been glad to have acknowledged.

His days of greatest prosperity were, of course, the war. "The net profits of the [Vickers] company alone amounted to thirty-four million pounds, or three times its capital, and of that 67 per cent. went to Mr. Basil Zaharoff." When a peace effort was made during the war, it was not surprising that the negotiator had to enter in his diary: "Zaharoff is for the prosecution of the war to the bitter end." There seems to be evidence, moreover, that he both sold to and bought from the Germans during the war. Was he betraying his country? How can you prove that? What is his country? It is not certain whether he is a Turk, a Greek, an Englishman, a Frenchman, or even a Russian.

After the war his career was even stranger. He needed to have his French status as firmly established as his British. "Vickers française" was founded, a job was found for one of Clemenceau's family, and a Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour resulted. Also some oil deposits in Algeria which would have inconvenienced him were fortunately found to be worthless and abandoned. Later still, his hand (as the chief politician of oil) is found to be behind the war of the Greeks on the Turks in 1922. Here was his first great mistake: the Kemalists drove the Greeks into the sea, and his friend Mr. Lloyd George fell from power.

It was his last intervention on the grand scale. The Bourbon Duke was dying, and he could marry his lady. His attention was now turned to making a setting fit for her: a Levantine adventurer does not every day marry a Spanish grandee. Only one thing would fit: he bought the principality of Monaco by buying up the casino on which it depends. He married the Duchess at the end of 1924. It was his final success.

But there was one antagonist whom he failed to allow for. His wife died in February, 1926. After thirty-four years of waiting, he had scarcely eighteen months of married life.

He resold the Casino at a large profit, after having put it on a paying basis by dismissing a large number of employees and cancelling all the pensions to ruined gamblers. Now, he lives in France, a very old bony man with a white imperial beard, silent and waiting for death.

RAYMOND POSTGATE

THE MEDIUM DETECTIVE RANGE

Murder in the Haunted Sentry Box. By NEWTON GALE. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

The Cat and the Corpse. By R. A. J. WALLING. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 7s. 6d.

Fate Laughs. By HERBERT ADAMS. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.

The White Priory Murders. By CARTER DICKSON. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.

The Case of the Curious Bride. By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER. *Cassell.* 7s. 6d.

Thanks to Murder. By JOSEPH KRUMGOLD. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

A Girl Died Laughing. By VIOLA PARADISE. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.

The Family Burial Murders. By MILTON PROPPER. *Harrap.* 7s. 6d.

Keep Away From Water. By ALICE CAMPBELL. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.

It is a great surprise to find the output of detective novels during the end of summer maintaining such a high level as is reached by all the above nine books. There is not a weak sister among them. If things go on like this we shall be deprived of the pleasure of catching out swindling authors. The modern detective novel is reaching the same plane on which the modern motor-car has long been proceeding. Mass-production leads not only to standardisa-

Act of Darkness

JOHN PEALE BISHOP

'There are few efforts which so delicately and surely present the cruelty and the tenderness, the matter of fact plainness and the rare unwondering ecstasies of childhood, as the lovely chapter iii of this book . . . When at last the Act of Darkness is reached one knows that it will be used with the same integrity and revelational power. Mr. Bishop's analysis, his psychological insight and imaginative rarity, are quite extraordinary.' RALPH BATES

Dead Centre

ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL

'The author's method and his grasp of its potentialities permit his organism—the school—to exhibit itself in all its dimensions, in which master and boy, matron and maid, prefect and fag, are each in turn in the centre of the stage.'
The TIMES Literary Supplement

'He possesses great gifts of observation, a retentive memory, considerable humour, and a complete command of style. Other young novelists also possess these qualities. The reason why Mr. Calder-Marshall is more interesting than other young novelists is that he is trying to do something different. Essentially he is an original and courageous writer of remarkable talent.' HAROLD NICOLSON in the TELEGRAPH

'The book may be sordid, sordid as a drawing by Rowlandson, but it is also sharp and fascinating.'
The MORNING POST

'No school story hitherto written has succeeded so well in analysing the complex variety of personalities that go to make up such a community.

All the troublous problems of sex, religion, age and discipline are touched upon luminously and suggestively, and every parent and schoolmaster will get much enlightenment from reading these subtle and vivid samples of human experience.'
The MANCHESTER GUARDIAN

'In short and concise and illuminating chapters, Mr. Calder-Marshall presents a composite picture of the school. This experiment most brilliantly succeeds. Each character study is lucid, economical and conclusive: no word is wasted. Each chapter is a little masterpiece.'
The NEWS CHRONICLE

It Cannot be Stormed

ERNST VON SALOMON

'The spiritual capital of a kingdom lies not behind fortresses and cannot be stormed.'

A striking picture of the political and intellectual movements which have influenced the history of post-war Germany.

The price of each of these novels is 7s. 6d. net

JONATHAN CAPE

tion of all the parts of the machine, but to the manner of their assembly and their ultimate performance in the hands of the public. A Morris will find it hard to pass an Austin or a Ford along the Great West Road, but need not expect to be passed by one either. Such is the comfortable achievement of these nine authors. In their own class none of them need fear to be outdistanced by a rival, and only if a Sayers or a Van Dine comes along must they draw in to the left.

The chassis design of the medium-power detective novel being taken as stabilised—and I will personally guarantee any of the above new season's models for an evening's smooth reading—criticism must fall on a book's upholstery, the gadgets, and the lines of the bodywork. If we begin by buying British, Mr. Newton Gale proffers the well-tried combination of romantic narrator and man of the world amateur detective on more orthodox lines than those of his experimental first work, *Death Follows a Formula*. *Murder in the Haunted Sentry Box* is mercifully free from the complications of international gangs, while retaining a slight Foreign Office flavour. The sentry-box stands overlooking the Caribbean on the castle wall of San Juan in Porto Rico. There John Monarch, an American Senator on a cruise, meets his death during a treasure hunt organised for the benefit of his fellow cruisers by the steamship company's local agent. The suspects, therefore, are many and various, but the trail is *not* hard and long, since Mr. Gale has not yet acquired the knack of making his real clues look like false clues, and vice versa.

The "ingenious" Mr. Walling is showing a Tolefree model against a feudal background. The upper-class tranquillity of Wolborough Castle is disturbed by the abrupt disappearance of a week-end visitor during the middle of the night. Philip Tolefree is sent for to find the body, and does so only to lose it again before he can hand it to the police. The plot holds the road but never gathers speed; and the solution is of that fortuitous kind that exonerates the hangman. *Fate Laughs* gets a flying start by a neat bit of gear-changing. Lord Wantage meets his double by chance on a railway journey, and the coincidence puts ideas into his lordship's head. The double is engaged to impersonate his lordship in a London restaurant for a very momentous hour. But once we reach the flat, where the big business man has been murdered during that crucial period, the speed never averages more than thirty m.p.h., for it would be silly to suspect the Earl, who has been at such pains to reveal his alibi. So the Communists are roped in as pace-makers, and the comrades in a detective novel can never exceed the bourgeois speed limit. The solution is one of the standard fittings.

The White Priory Murders are of robust construction. A female film star is found murdered in a pavilion entirely surrounded by snow untrodden except for the footsteps of the man who finds her. Sir Herbert Merrivale is responsible for the coachwork as well as the solution; and he is a detective very much to my liking, breezy, foul-mouthed, and such a quick mover that I never grasp quite how he reaches his infallible deductions. Readers, however, who like being taken for a quiet ride may get to dislike the constant rattle. It is in the general department of love interest that these British products tend to lag behind the Americans; they never engineer a smart pick-up; their sexual lay-out is sloppy in texture and sluggish in action. The defect in the Americans is that they attempt so much pace for their engine power that interior noises are quickly developed and deafen one to the author's real plot. Mr. Gardner is well known for the Perry Mason series which he has been marketing for years. The only feature of special interest in *The Case of the Curious Bride* is the continuance of Mr. Gardner's predilection for a solution, as it were, by trial and error; the trial being that of Perry Mason's client, and the error on the part of any District Attorney who dreams of getting a conviction against such a privileged defendant. *Thanks to Murder* and *A Girl Died Laughing* emerge from a cultured New York background with the cocktail shaker never far away; both are genial, well-written books with the emphasis on character-drawing rather than detection. *The Family Burial Murders*, on the other hand, works out a most effective plot in the old-fashioned way where character sketches are at a discount.

Miss Alice Campbell's book is modelled on a base of A. E. W. Mason with a thick feminine coating and without the Hanaud sauce. The result is definitely frivolous and never taxes the reader's patience—or intelligence. Apply the Mason formula *mutatis mutandis*, and the villain of *Keep Away From Water* is as transparent as the Mediterranean air which the victims cease to breathe.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

THE
AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MONTAIGNE
Translated and Edited by Marvin Lowenthal
Observer:
"He has imitated Medea; cut Montaigne into pieces; put the pieces in a bath; and produced a new and rejuvenated figure. He has performed a literary miracle and performed it boldly. Every word is translated vividly and racily from Montaigne's own writings."
os. 6d. net.
SEX AND TEMPERAMENT
MARGARET MEAD
In the light of her studies of primitive peoples the standards of behaviour of men and women to-day acquire entirely new significance. She writes with a sensitivity and descriptive flair that few anthropologists possess.
ROUTLEDGE

TANTUM RELIGIO POTUIT . . .

Religion and a Changing Civilisation. By JULIUS F. HECKER, Ph.D. The Twentieth Century Library. *Lane.* 3s. 6d.

An Anglican priest, now a Bishop, answered my argument once that Christianity surely implied some kind of Socialism in the words of Jesus: "Ye have the poor always with you." He meant that reasonably modest living, with reasonable almsgiving and the performance of ordinary duties was an adequate fulfilment of all the Dominical injunctions. Nor had he any casuistry to justify him. Such an answer makes prominent the problem which cropped up at once with the Communist experiment in the early Church at Jerusalem and has followed Christianity ever since. Are there to be two standards of morals—one for those who follow literally the commands of poverty, etc., and the other for those with jobs and families living in the world? The great Churches, recognising the double standard, have in practice kept the two classes distinct. The strictest living Communists—in the wide sense—are the members of religious orders.

Dr. Hecker, a Soviet Communist, surveying contemporary religion with the expected bias, makes no mention of these Christian Communists at all, nor of the ethical doctrines in Christianity which have made them such an essential part of its life: for him, of course, there is theoretically no such thing possible as a double standard in any moral system, nor recognised degrees of devotion to the religion of the revolution: the workers are uniformly saints. It is inconceivable that Communism at its present stage of development should have a casuistry. Yet on Dr. Hecker's showing it will need one: for he recognises that Communism has many elements of religion in it and is even emotionally—on the side of fear and reconciliation with an alien universe—a substitute for Theism. It is already developing a cultus in Russia: the people need opium of some kind when work is a routine again. His ultimate hope is that man "will create conditions where the human spirit may blossom forth unhampered by any fear complexes, and thus unfold the hidden treasures stored in his nature." But the training of these flowers will need

THE CRISIS IN EUROPE

THE ECONOMIC AND FINANCIAL POSITION OF ITALY

Second (revised) edition

Issued under the auspices of the Royal Institute of International Affairs

2/- net

A pamphlet similar to the Institute's "Abyssinia and Italy," recently published

A HISTORY OF ABYSSINIA

By

A. H. M. Jones and Elizabeth Monroe

6/- net

A history of Abyssinia from the earliest times to the present

(*Ready during October*)

THE LAW OF NATIONS

By

J. L. Brierly

5/- net

". . as a brief, up-to-date reference book on International Law it should prove most useful and valuable to busy men and women desiring to be well informed."—*Foreign Affairs.*

SOME ASPECTS OF THE COVENANT OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

By

Sir John Fischer Williams

10/6 net

". . Sir John's book should be closely studied by all who desire to have that more than nodding acquaintance with League questions which is called for in these days of international contention over the League's functions . ."—*Economist.*

THE LEAGUE COMMITTEES AND WORLD ORDER

By

H. R. G. Greaves

14/- net

". . A clear-cut, closely-knit statement of the case for World unification, set forth with remarkable breadth of grasp and clarity of style . . It is a brilliant performance."—*Sunday Referee.*

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

10/6
Ready Sept. 19th

RICHARD BINN's CRICKET IN FIRELIGHT

A discursive, invigorating volume, *Cricket in Firelight* is a particularly happy note to strike at the close of the season's play.

'PLUM' WARNER writes:

"I read the book with great interest and pleasure, for it brought back many happy memories to me. I am certain it will appeal to a large number of cricketers."

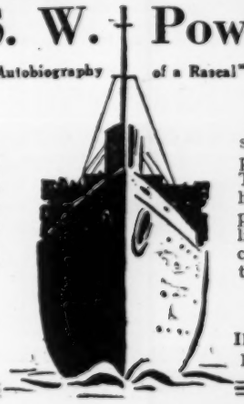
Ready Sept. 26th 8/6

NOAH'S ARK

by S. W. Powell

Author of "Autobiography of a Rascal"

There is drama in this unusual book. The drama of men and women in love; of men and women stripped of pretence. There is humour too; pathos and little sad incidents which touch the heart.



Published yesterday 7/6

Illustrated by PIP PARES

WM. J. WOLTMAN's THE MOON IN SCORPIO

Yorkshire Post:

"Technically it has hardly a flaw. You are held in hope to the very last page—even to the last sentence. I have not enjoyed a novel so much for a long time."

Church Times:

"Quite out of the common both in theme and interest."

7/6

SELWYN & BLOUNT

a far more intimate and personal philosophy than Communism has yet provided: re-classifications of society will need fresh moral philosophy to justify them.

St. Augustine called the secular society of his time a "magnum latrocinium," a monstrous theft and fraud: which is the Communist view of ours. The present crux for Christian ethics is the problem of private property. In the West, Roman Law has given an exaggerated importance to the various forms of rights over an ownership of goods: but capitalism has produced types of property for which the law made no provision, and, in its vast limited companies and trusts, types of *personae fictae* with no defined status. Whole classes of men live by usury alone. As Dr. Hecker points out—it is obvious enough—the modern Churches tend to support the existing distribution of property partly because of the conservatism of all religion and its tendency to preach obedience to legally established authority, and partly because they are in many cases themselves wealthy owners of property, both real and invested. The most notable failure of the Churches in their attempts at social reform has been their neglect to provide or suggest any new theory of property to meet the capitalist situation.

Looking at the Protestant Churches of America Dr. Hecker finds "a notable shifting from the mild social reform policies of the Church to much more radical positions": but the resolutions he quotes made by the Federal Council of Churches are merely the Leftward-veering benevolence of committee-men—the same kind of men as in England are prepared to shelve vital questions about the nature of the God they worship for the sake of ephemeral agreement on good resolutions, the kind of men who think good-will a qualification for revising liturgies, and charity a factor in the determination of what should be believed. In England the solid Churchmen have not gone so far to the Left, but the symposium, published in 1933, "Christianity and the Crisis," shows the same muddled ideals and the same failure to attack the radical problem. Also in the reformed Churches the usurpation by ethics of control over doctrine has weakened both, and is a primary cause of their loss of social power.

This loss of power Dr. Hecker analyses fairly and without exultation; but there is one important thing he has overlooked: I mean the greater scrupulosity and care with which people now examine their religion. Considered and reflecting belief is commoner than Hecker seems to think; but also far commoner is a considered abstinence from churchgoing either on doctrinal grounds or because Christian ethics cannot be made to fit into the world in which a man has to earn his living. He attributes too much to indifference. The reverse of this solid scrupulosity is the moral panic which makes Buchmanites, and sometimes makes Communists too.

Dr. Hecker confines himself almost entirely to England and America. He scarcely mentions the Roman Catholic Church: he seems to have misread the religious situation in Germany; he makes one or two mistakes of fact, and more of grammar. The book reads as if it was written to order in a great hurry. But it is serious-minded, and avoids the tedious facetiousness which infidels (*e.g.*, Mencken and Reinach and Shaw) often think a good weapon against people more credulous than themselves.

HUMPHRY HOUSE

THE COUNTRYSIDE

English Earth. By MARJORIE HERSELL TILTMAN. *Harrap.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Countryman's England. By DOROTHY HARTLEY. *Batsford.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Both of these books are about the English countryside and the life that is lived there. Both of them are illustrated with plenty of delightful photographs, though those in Miss Hartley's book are better produced. And both are packed full of rather miscellaneous information. But the sorts of information they give are different, and even when the information is the same it is seen from a different angle.

Mrs. Tiltman, who writes *English Earth*, is primarily concerned with the revolution in English agriculture which has been in existence since the war and which is certainly not finished yet. She writes on market gardening, on milk production and delivery, on flower farming, on the tinning of fruits and vegetables, and on eggs, and, though more general matters are also included in her survey, it is with these more highly specialised developments that she is chiefly concerned. How much she knows about them it is hard to say. She is rather a reporter than an expert. Indeed, her favourite method of procedure is to visit some specialist on the subject under discussion and then to report her interview with him. The trouble about this method is that it soon becomes wearisome to the reader. Out pop the bright little questions, in come a succession of hard little facts in answer, and, since nothing is digested or seen in relation to other problems, one's attention fades, and one turns to look at the well-chosen illustrations.

Miss Hartley, on the other hand, is not primarily interested in the problems of agriculture at all. What she sets out to do is to paint the English countryside itself. "Mountain and Moorland," "The Undulating Farmlands," "Gardens and Orchard Country," "Flats and Fens," "Downs and Woods," "Sea-coast and Estuaries" are the headings of her chapters. And though, as is only natural, she is almost always concerned with agriculture in one form or another, she is concerned with it always in relation to the country in which it is set and the men and women who live upon it. Nor is she, to anything like the extent Mrs. Tiltman is, interested chiefly in the present. She has a hankering after old ways, and a good deal of the charm of her book is due to her knowledge of the traditional methods of hedging and ditching, of the making of pork pies, of thatching and cider-making, and of the proper curing of ham and bacon.

And there are two other points in her favour. The first is that she knows her England intimately, and the second is that she writes with that sort of simplicity which often accompanies a well-stored, rather rambling mind. Her knowledge of England is really extraordinary. She is not a Northerner or a Southerner, an Easterner or a Westerner. And, as her method is not to describe her subject county by county, but rather to compare one area of moorland, or flats, or downs and woodlands, with another, one traverses, in the course of a few pages, the whole of England in her company, and learns a thousand little details, even about the country one knows well, which keep one interested until the end.

RALPH WRIGHT

A GUIDE AND A PILOT

Quest Romantic. By CAPTAIN F. H. MELLOR. *Selwyn and Blount.* 15*s.*

Heaven High—Hell Deep. By NORMAN ARCHIBALD. *Heinemann.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Both in literature and in life there are several sorts of guides. "Well, here it is," says one, stifling a yawn: "you've got exactly seven minutes." Another, closing his eyes or fastening them upon the ceiling, begins very fast: "The city was founded by Yusef-Ben-Tashfin in 1062. Little more than a hundred years later . . ." Another, confident that we have had enough of architecture, winks lewdly: "Now I show you something vairy amusing, eh?" But there is also the guide who neither winks, gabbles nor yawns: "I am going to Marrakesh in the bus to-morrow morning," he tells us: "it starts at 3 a.m. Quite possibly it will catch fire during the journey. You will certainly get fleas from the other passengers—if nothing worse. When I arrive I shall stay at a Moorish hotel. If you're really interested, please come with me. If not, for Goodness' sake don't."

Captain Mellor is this last sort of guide. He makes no dishonest attempts to lure our custom from his louder colleagues. But, once we have decided to accompany him, he spares no pains to make the journey pleasant. Indeed, he is desperately, touchingly anxious that we shall not be bored. If we happen to be passing through a dull patch of country, he is ready with his joke or his quotation: "half as old as time," "last, loneliest, loveliest," "the men of the tattered battalion"—out they are trotted, one after another, until we cease to nudge each other or wink or roll our eyes, and begin, instead, to make small bets as to which old favourite will next appear. And when, at length, the Captain exceeds our brightest expectations with: "Charge, Chester, charge!" we drop our cheap, cultured sneering altogether and are genuinely delighted. For, by this time, we have learnt to like and respect Captain Mellor greatly; and we accept him as he is, entire.

The author has visited every considerable town in Northern Morocco: Tangier, Tetuan, Meknes, Ceuta, Rabat, Fez. He has travelled far down the Atlantic coastline to Agadir and beyond to the desert outpost of Tiznit. He has crossed the High Atlas in an ancient bus to Ouarzazate. This journey is the most interesting and amusing part of the book. At Ait Ourir a snake-eater clumsily or spitefully dropped one of his reptiles into Captain Mellor's lap.

A bit farther on there was a collision with a camel-driver and the wild pursuit of a runaway camel—"a really star turn." Then came Ouarzazate itself and the Foreign Legion. When writing about the Legion, Captain Mellor is at his best. He sticks a pin or two into the Beau Geste legend, but is too experienced a soldier to minimise the many and terrible hardships which the men have to suffer. He draws a sympathetic sketch of a young German legionnaire named Hans and of the tiny General Rollet who, when laughed at in a café because of his size, "picked up a soda-water syphon, walked over to the man, and, holding it two inches from his face, exclaimed: 'Now laugh again.'" Of the men themselves he writes: "It seemed to me that they nearly all hated soldiering, and I came to the conclusion that the French should be regarded as an intensely patriotic but not militaristic nation." Captain Mellor is somewhat critical of the French (though he allows honourable exceptions), and his objections to their colonial methods are as English as everything else about him:

> I noted with extreme surprise that the French and Arab children played together, a French boy being perhaps so soundly cuffed as to come running back to complain to his father. Nobody seemed to mind very much; and yet this sort of thing happening to a child of the ruling race surely cannot increase the respect in which the inhabitants of Morocco hold their conquerors.

Captain Mellor's naïve but sinister comment is: "We do these things otherwise in Nigeria."

Sixteen excellent photographs vividly conjure up the Moroccan scene: the tattered palm-trees, the weird white, muffled figures, the low buildings and the square squat towers which seem built of dust and dissolving into shapeless mounds of sand, the ink-black shadows more solid than the walls. Only the picture of the Schleuh dancers is disappointing: Captain Mellor's description has led us to expect too much. His book will certainly send many travellers to Morocco. They will be lucky indeed if they find there so intelligent and so informative a guide.

Heaven High—Hell Deep is the most dreary war-book I have ever read. A future generation, saner and happier than ours, may be able sincerely to dismiss such works as dull. We can never do that: war is too close to our lives, before and behind. We read with the fascination of disgust. Yet something within us revolts: murder *is* boring, unless we are interested in the victims. Mr. Archibald has neither the skill, nor apparently the desire, to tell us much about himself and his friends, the young American airmen with whom he sailed to France. What remains is a record of air-fighting on the Western Front, extremely exciting, no doubt, in the sense that it is "exciting" to see a pig get its throat cut or a motor car run into a house. Later, the author was forced to land behind the German lines and was taken prisoner. This half of the story is incomparably the more interesting: the raw strident boys become human beings in captivity. The description of their ultimate release is really moving.

CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD

THE MARXIST OF THE BENDLERSTRASSE

The Berlin Diaries. Vol. II. Edited by DR. HELMUT KLOTZ. *Jarrolds*. 18*s*.

It is a misfortune that so much anti-Nazi propaganda is rather clumsy and not very scrupulous. Naturally it is not as crude and unscrupulous as Nazi outpourings themselves are—for that would not be possible—but one should either beat the enemy at his own game or play a different one. Dr. Klotz has, no doubt, had a good deal to do with the *Reichswehrministerium* at one time or another, and *Reichswehr* contacts are perhaps the most informing contacts one can have. While, therefore, this second volume of the Berlin Diaries contains a certain amount of accurate and important information, the diarist himself is a perfectly incredible conception. If a General in the *Reichswehrministerium* daily committed such sentiments to paper in Germany in 1933, he must have had remarkably secretive methods of doing so; by the interviews he records he would be perfectly identifiable. Why, therefore, so much editorial talk about the impossibility of revealing his name? It is, however, his personality which is most difficult to accept; the book in fact reads like the diary of a Communist interested in armaments, with a little professional soldier stuff rather artificially interpolated here and there. It is impossible to believe in a General who wrote in his Diary on January 30th, 1933, that a general strike at that moment "was calculated to blow the whole Brown swindle out of the water on the very first day," and complained that the

● *A Book for the Broadminded!*

ALDOUS HUXLEY

writes of the

"ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF SEXUAL KNOWLEDGE"

(670 pages and numerous illustrations)

● by Drs. COSTLER, A. WILLY and others, under the general editorship of, and with special chapters by, NORMAN HAIRE, Ch.M., M.B.

"WELL documented and accurate; as for the quantity of information it contains, that is enormous."—Aldous Huxley in "EVERYMAN."

● **CONTENTS**

INTRODUCTORY: The Evolution of Love, Description of the Male and Female Genital Organs.

BOOK I. Sexuality in Children, Sexual Enlightenment, Self-abuse amongst the Young, Consequences of Self-abuse, Puberty, From Girlhood to Puberty, From Adolescence to Manhood.

BOOK II. Love, Falling in Love, Sex Appeal, Kissing and Physical Courtship, The Sexual Act, Defloration.

BOOK III. The Miracle of Procreation, Determination of Sex, Hygiene of the Pregnant Woman, Psychology of the Pregnant Woman, Relief of Pain in Childbirth, The Care of the Mother in Childbed, Premature Labour, Miscarriage, and Abortion.

BOOK IV. The "Safe-period," Barrenness and Sterility, The Prevention of Conception, Impotence in Man, Frigidity in Woman, The Uselessness of Aphrodisiacs, The Change of Life in Man and Woman, The Problem of Rejuvenation.

BOOK V. Sexual Aberrations and Perversions-Sexual inversions of Aim and Object. Their Prevention and Cure.

BOOK VI. Gonorrhea, Syphilis, Avoidance of Venereal Disease, Other Disorders of the Sexual Organs, Non-venereal Diseases of Women.

APPENDIX. Prostitution in England, The White Slave Traffic, Bibliography, Index.

● **WHAT THE PRESS THINKS:**

"NEW STATESMAN AND NATION."—The Encyclopædia edited by Dr. Haire contains a mass of information which needs to spread. It includes accounts of the physiology of the genital organs, the technique of their conjunction, contraception, pregnancy, male impotence, female frigidity, the change of life, venereal diseases, prostitution, sexual abnormalities, and almost every other sexual subject. They (the Authors) are lucid, unshocked, eminently sensible. *Raymond Mortimer.*

"TIME AND TIDE."— . . . Sex is mostly furtive . . . It is largely the result of ignorance and certainly no one who gets through these six hundred pages can ever be ignorant again about the physiological details of sex. . . . Excellent for Doctors and Psychologists . . . *John Barrers.*

"PUBLIC OPINION."— . . . every aspect is sincerely dealt with from the scientific and physical side, and with the restraint which a text book of this type should possess.

"THE LITERARY GUIDE."—The book certainly contains a mass of information with which large numbers of people are unfamiliar. It is very comprehensive and frank, and almost every conceivable aspect of sex is dealt with in its six hundred odd pages.

"HEALTH AND STRENGTH."—I have reviewed many books on matters appertaining to SEX within the pages of "Health and Strength" but I have certainly never had any book brought to my notice which I can more heartily recommend than the "Encyclopædia of Sexual Knowledge" . . . It is a book that will last a lifetime. It is a book I would like to see in every home, read by every husband and wife.
They will be getting the FINEST BOOK I HAVE EVER READ ON THE SUBJECT OF SEXUAL HYGIENE. *Thomas Bowen Partington, F.I.L., F.R.E.S.*

"THE SCHOOLMASTER AND WOMAN TEACHER'S CHRONICLE."—This book gives all the essential knowledge that any layman (or woman) needs on all aspects of the subject; and it gives the knowledge in a matter-of-fact manner, without sentimentality or gush . . .

"THE LISTENER."—It covers the ground thoroughly and gives up-to-date information . . .

"THE MEDICAL OFFICER."—This monumental book may be recommended not only as a reference book but also for purposes of sex education. There is, besides, a very full index and bibliography for those who want to probe deeper into the sources of scientific research.

● **SPECIAL OFFER**

1 Owing to the unprecedented demand from readers of the "New Statesman" for this informative work, the publishers are continuing to offer the Encyclopædia on "subscriber's terms." The complete 36/- work will therefore be sent under plain cover and post free on receipt of 29/6 only. (If C.O.D. 31/3.)

2 Also obtainable on simple deferred terms on first payment of 8/-. Ask for particulars of instalment terms.

FRANCIS ALDOR

4(N), BUCKNALL ST., NEW OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2

suggestion of striking " was, of course, promptly repudiated by the Socis as ' Communist provocation in the interest of Fascism.' " Any soldier, indeed any reasonable civilian, knew that, at this late stage at least, the Socialists were right. Had they called a general strike then, it would have saved General Göring four weeks' time and a lot of trouble, and robbed Dimitroff of a platform; for a general strike at that stage could have succeeded in nothing but in the stimulation of Marxist treachery talk—unless our astonishing General could have led the *Reichswehr* to the support of the workers. " Karl Marx will live and ' reign,' " he wrote on March 13th, 1933, " when in a not far-off future Herr Hitler will be consigned to an obscure limbo as a special abortion of *homo sapiens*."

To anyone familiar with the situation in Memel the Rosenberg putsch plan recorded by the diarist on February 13th, 1933, has a strikingly genuine flavour. The submarine project entered on May 15th is certainly justified in the event, and the diarist seems familiar with the German ambitions in the Baltic of which Germany's northern neighbours have become acutely nervous since the naval agreement with Great Britain. The early hostility of the Navy to Hitlerism, as noted by our general, is not without interest; he regarded the appointment of von Levetzow as Police Chief of Berlin in 1933 as a sop to the admirals. For the last twelve months one has repeatedly heard that the Navy has come round, and it would be interesting to know whether Levetzow was dismissed in July 1935 on this account, or because, as Dr. Klotz' diarist suggests, he had been no better than he should be in the matter of the Reichstag Fire. The Kurfürstendamm riots, at any rate, provided a rather inadequate pretext. It would be worth finding out, too, whether Ribbentrop, Herr Hitler's " disarmament " expert, really had anything to do with a book which appeared in 1930 about gassing the French into surrender.

While Dr. Klotz himself obviously knows a good deal, he does not provide one with any information which is really new. The Diary describes quite accurately the keep-on-doing-nothing line of the Army which makes one wonder whether the Generals will ever take any really decisive step, though Blomberg has been known to be exquisitely indiscreet about the plans they have prepared for " after Hitler." In Dr. Klotz' own appendix he describes pretty accurately how the Generals forced Hitler to give up the Austrian game in July 1934, but he does not seem to know that Hitler forced upon them a far bigger army than they had wished in March 1935. Nor does he throw any light upon the vexed question of the moment: Have the Nazi excesses of this summer been perpetrated against the wishes of the *Reichswehrministerium*, or at the instigation of the Generals who are glad that the Party toughs should be kept busy discrediting themselves? In spite of the assurances of mutual devotion recently evoked by a revelation in the Austrian press, there is certainly no love lost between the Generals and the Streichers newly cherished by the *Führer*; even General von Reichenau is thought to have recovered from his " blind infatuation " for Hitler, and this may have something to do with his recent transference from the *Reichswehrministerium* to Munich.

ELIZABETH WISKEMANN

SHAVE
in comfort . .

Use Parke-Davis Shaving Cream for one week and you will always shave thus! That is why we gladly give you a seven-day tube.

Wherever it is used it makes friends and customers, and the more you have tried different shaving soaps, sticks, powders and creams, the more you will be delighted with the comfort and efficiency of the newest perfected beard softener. Large tube 1/6, From Chemists only.

with . .

PARKE-DAVIS
Shaving Cream

Send to Euthymol (119/41) 50, Beak Street, London, W.1., for a free sample tube of Parke-Davis Shaving Cream.

SHORTER NOTICES

Made in Japan. By GUENTHER STEIN. *Methuen.* 7s. 6d.

This is a short but stimulating—even fascinating—book. As the cover " blurb " states, it sets out to tell the reader why Japan's export trade has grown so rapidly; whether her workers are underpaid; whether her industry is subsidised by the State; whether she uses the depreciation of her currency as a premium on exports; and whether her success is likely to be temporary or permanent. It does not, of course, categorically do so; Japan's problems, internal and external, are not so simple as all that. But it casts a flood of light on the realities lying behind the fantastic price quotations of Japanese goods; on the striking cleavage between the depressed small-scale " feudal " industries, including agriculture, and the prosperous large-scale industry known to world markets; on the Japanese standard of living, so uncomfortable materially, so rich in cultural amenities that to call it " low " is almost misleading; on the struggle for markets in the tropics and the Asiatic mainland. One is left with a feeling that Japanese facts are curiously echoing European theories of the last century. Ricardo would have pointed to Japanese agriculture as the example *par excellence* of his theory of rent. Malthus and Senior would have chosen it as a classical instance of the connection between population and wage rates. Marx would have pointed significantly to the rise of the houses of Mitsui and Mitsubishi and the decline and proletarianisation of the small producer. But while analogies may illuminate they do not solve problems. It would be a rash man who, on the basis of Mr. Stein's book and the speculations to which it gives rise, would volunteer a guess at the place ultimately to be occupied by Japan in the world economic system.

Bibliography of Economics, 1751–1775. Prepared for the British Academy by HENRY HIGGS. *Cambridge University Press.* 42s.

In a book of 742 pages Mr. Higgs here lists exhaustively the economic literature of twenty-five years, promising further volumes dealing with both later and earlier periods. Needless to say, the book is meant for specialists, and will be used by them alone. The period covered is of special importance, including the rise of the Physiocratic and kindred schools in France, the Encyclopaedists, and the phase of English economic writing that led up directly to the *Wealth of Nations*. Nearly 7,000 titles are listed, including separate editions of the same book, and a host of anonymous pamphlets, which are separately indexed by their titles. Librarians and bibliographers will find the product of Mr. Higgs's industry invaluable; but if these twenty-five years yield nearly 7,000 titles, how vast will the succeeding volumes be? When Mr. Higgs gets to the period between 1789 and 1825, it is difficult to see how he will be able to compress his list within publishable compass, unless he is content considerably to restrict its scope.

The Ethics of Power. By PHILIP LEON. *Allen and Unwin.* 10s. 6d.

Mr. Leon believes that modern Moral Philosophers have forgotten their proper business of preaching and are wasting their time and failing in their duty by concentrating on the analysis of the meaning of various " Goods." He holds that the forces of evil are rapidly advancing in our time unhindered by any adequate condemnation by writers on Ethics. He sees in Nazi Germany and her apologists the first triumph of modern decadence and the ethics of power. Self-love and its extensions are in his opinion the first source of evil. This book is an analysis of egoism, and Mr. Leon is a kind of Jansenist without mysticism. It is pleasant to find Adler included with Plato, Hobbes, La Rochefoucauld, Bergson and the writers of the Bible as a contributor to the theory of Evil. The moral preoccupations of scientific psychologists would be a fine subject for a sad little thesis. Mr. Leon would be a better preacher if he were less fond of " striking " writing. Nevertheless his portrait of the Enemy is a clear one and free from over-simplification. But it would surely have been more complete if he had mentioned Nietzsche. That omission is difficult to understand.

The International Banks. By A. S. J. BASTER. *King.* 12s. 6d.

This is an interesting, though rather slight, study of an important part of the British financial machine—the British banks operating abroad. A good deal of Mr. Baster's treatment is historical; and he has much to say of the rise of overseas banking and banking connections in the hands of British firms and of their relationship to imperial and

Student Christian Movement Press

Just published

CREATIVE SOCIETY

A Study of the Relation of Christianity to Communism

By JOHN MACMURRAY 5s. net

Professor Macmurray maintains that the only corrective and the only fulfilment of Communism is to be found in a real Christianity which has repudiated the pseudo-Christianity too often confused with it.

Just published

THE WAY TO GOD

The Broadcast Talks

Volume II 3s. 6d. net

Talks and Answers to Questions by C. E. RAVEN, C. C. MARTINDALE, S.J. and G. F. MACLEOD

Ready October

INDIA AND BRITAIN

A Moral Challenge

By C. F. ANDREWS 5s. net

Few men are so well qualified to interpret India to Britain as C. F. Andrews. Writing, as he does, with wide knowledge and unique personal experience, he puts forward facts which will be unfamiliar to most readers.

Write for new Autumn List

58, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1

PSYCHOLOGY and RELIGION

A Study by a Medical Psychologist

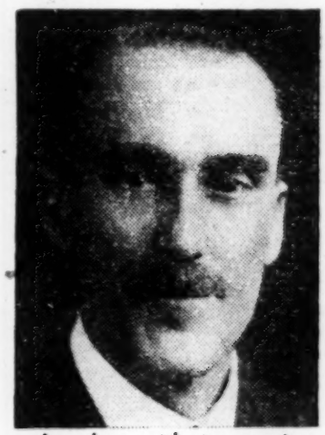
by DAVID FORSYTH

M.D., D.Sc. (Lond.), F.R.C.P.

Psychology and Religion has been written to provide the general reader with a clear and straightforward account of the relationship between Science and Religion. The novelty of the book is that it fearlessly applies the discoveries of Modern Psychology to the elucidation of the religious mind. Dr. Forsyth shows psychologically that the scientific and religious attitudes to life are so fundamentally different as often to be incompatible, and he devotes some illuminating pages to tracing beliefs and doctrines of the Church back to their roots in the ideas and illusions of the child mind. The work should be read by all who are interested in the development of Science, and in its effect on religion.

OF ALL BOOKSELLERS. 7s. 6d. net

LONDON: WATTS & CO.,
5 & 6 Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, E.C.4.



IAN HAY

Major Ian Hay Beith, The Celebrated Author, writes:

"The greatest enemy to human life is Cancer. He is a particularly invulnerable enemy, because though we are learning to repel his onslaughts with increasing success each year, his base of operations is still a scientific mystery; and, therefore, we require two armies to fight him. The one is called Treatment, and the other Research—and one day Research is going to destroy the enemy altogether. Will you, therefore, see to it that neither our Defence Force nor our Expeditionary Force ever lacks the sinews of war—the greatest War in which humanity has ever fought?"

Will you please send a special gift to the Earl of Granard,

The Cancer Hospital
(FREE)

FULHAM ROAD - LONDON, S.W.3

Just Published

SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN'S

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Down The Years

The experiences of upwards of forty years of strenuous, political and ministerial life.

328 *pages.* *Illustrated.* 15/- *net.*

THERE GOES THE QUEEN

G. U. Ellis

Teeming with living and unforgettable characters, this long novel portrays two generations of the Crome family.

680 *pages.* 8/6 *net.*

SIR JOHN SQUIRE

Shakespeare As A Dramatist

'This gay and amusing book . . . as sound as it is lively.' *Times Literary Supplement.*

8/6 *net.*

CASSELL

economic expansion. There is a special section dealing with the post-War development of this type of banking, and a good outline description of the leading British banks at present engaged in overseas financial operations. Anyone who wants a fairly simple account of British banking developments in South America, the Far East, Turkey and Central and Eastern Europe will find the essential facts set out here better than anywhere else. He will be able to see how far the British Government has in general stood behind the international banking interests, and how far they have been guided by national considerations in shaping their policy. Mr. Baster's broad conclusion is that the importance of British banks in foreign countries is diminishing, and is bound to diminish further as these countries develop their own independent financial institutions, but that they have played an important part in the growth of British enterprise during the past century, though rather as auxiliaries to British industry and commerce than as a separate and independent force.

Week-end Competitions

No. 288

Set by Hubert D. Waley

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half-a-guinea for the best set of four verses each not more than four lines long suitable for affixing to the cages of various animals at the Zoo.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, September 27.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 286

Set by Philip Jordan

It is high time that the "clerihew" was applied to this day and age, if only to simplify history for the growing generation. We therefore offer our usual prizes (two guineas, and half-a-guinea) for clerihews on any four of the following: Anthony Eden, Litvinoff, Hailé Selassie, Aldous Huxley, Mussolini, Hermann Goering, Stalin, John Simon, Franklin Roosevelt, *Anthony Adverse*, Barbara Hutton, Oswald Spengler, Cecil B. de Mille, Greta Garbo, Vernon Bartlett. Prizes will be awarded more for relevancy than for any other quality.

Should there be any readers of this paper unhappy enough not to know what a "clerihew" is (I'm sure there are not) here is one:

Jonathan Swift
Never went up in a lift:
Neither did the author of *Robinson Crusoe*
Do so.

Report by Philip Jordan

Two men and an exceptionally powerful farmer's boy were obliging enough to stagger to my home under the load of entries for this competition. And I had to give up my week-end to them. I started off with an open mind, but soon remembered that there is only one thing worse—an open drain; and decided to throw out anything that did not conform to my idea of a clerihew. A clerihew, I said aloud, must primarily be a more or less accurate picture of the subject and of its environment. Wit and all that come next. It was the only way to do any elimination at all. But even that left me with nearly fifty entries. And on each one of these fifty there was at least one good one.

Although it has none of the permanence of the true clerihew, I like "Little Billee's"

Sir John Simon
We now spend less time on;
But on Sir Samuel Hoare
More.

John Mavrogordato writes history with:

Sir John Simon
Was about as popular as Timon:
His greatest worry
Was Professor Gilbert Murray.

So does P. Seton. Here he is:

Miss Barbara Hutton
Bought a 6*d*. button.
It was not just one of her jokes:
She did it to help the folks.

This unhappy woman was, in fact, the subject of more clerihews than anyone else, with the possible exception of *Anthony Adverse* Here she is again, this time from "Freed":

Barbara Hutton
Never wasted a button,
For she knew that they tend, in a large amount,
To count.

Constant Lambert doesn't think much of a famous book:

Anthony Adverse
May not be bad verse
But God knows
It's bad prose.

But there: there's no room to comment, so here are a few good ones:

E. L. Franklin:

Mussolini
Cannot, apparently, construe, "Mene Mene,"
Or perceive much sense, alas, in
"Tekel Upharsin."

Pibwob: Mr. Huxley (Aldous)
Describes what once would have appalled us
Just to show he has toyed
With Freud.

Not that this comes within my definition of accuracy.

J. P.: Hailé Selassie
Said, "the air smells gassy;
Is that an indication
Of civilisation?"

Here are two about Goering:

Joan Austin:

General Goering
Thought Jews were all erring
He committed most of his excesses
In fancy dresses.

Tweedle Dee:

Hermann Goering
Can be heard purring
Whenever he happens to pass
A looking-glass.

Few could resist rhyming Selassie with Tassie. "Jones" sent in the best of them:

When Hailé Selassie
Finished *The Silver Tassie*
He exclaimed: "I'm surprised
People should want to be civilised."

And in the end I got them down to two, only to find that what's bred in the bone, etcetera, still holds true. There's no doubt about it. Nicolas Bentley, son of the immortal "clerihew" himself, produced the necessary four, all of which are in the true vein; and in the belief that he didn't ask his father to help him with his homework, I recommend him for first prize.

FIRST PRIZE

HAILÉ SELASSIE

Hailé Selassie
Thought the Italians *déclassé*,
But the Wops were much ruder
About the Lion of Judah.

HERMANN GOERING

Where General Goering
Appears to be erring
Is in his immoderate views
Of the Jews.

BARBARA HUTTON

Miss Barbara Hutton
Said, "I don't give a button
For all this odious publicity;
My Muse provides my only true felicity.

CECIL B. DE MILLE

Cecil B. de Mille,
Rather against his will,
Was persuaded to leave Moses
Out of *The Wars of the Roses*.

NICOLAS BENTLEY

Squaw (name and address please) gets second prize, although the trick spelling offends me.

SECOND PRIZE

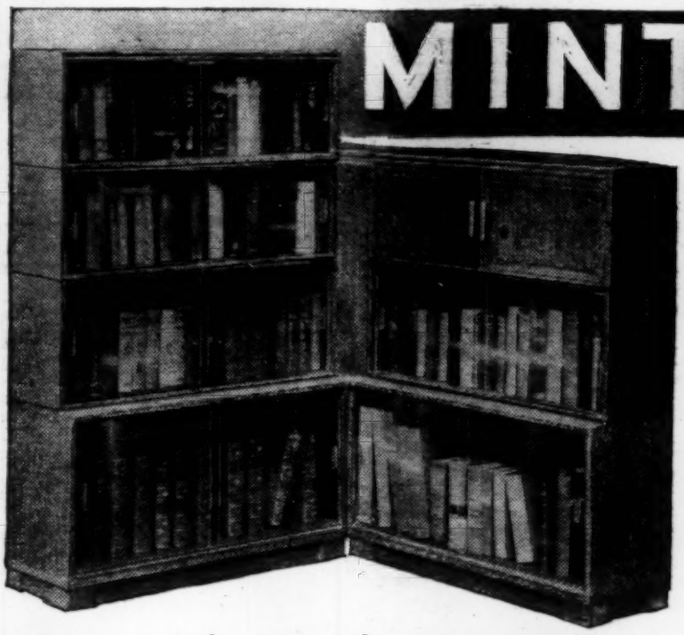
STALIN

Comrade Stalin
Said Europe was a place he could pal in,
And banished Trotsky
Who said it was notsky.

SIMON

Sir John Simon
Is always willing to spend time on
Saving the faces
Of aggressor races.

MINTY *Bookcases*



Neo-Craft Styles

Neo-Craft Sectional Bookcases are designed on purely modern but not extreme lines. The plate-glass doors slide freely in chromium-plated runners, which latter considerably enhance the appearance. Finger pulls are recessed in the glass, which enable the door to open to the fullest extent. Any number of sections can be purchased and added to as your library increases, and the variety of different combinations possible is unlimited.

Neo-Craft Combination 31N

shown above. A very pleasing corner fitment comprising one Stack 26N, one Stack 23N, with Panelled A1 and Corner Blocking piece. Height 4 ft. 4½ in., width on each wall 3 ft. 10½ in. In Oak, £15 9s. Also in Walnut, Mahogany, Waxed and Limed finishes.

MINTY BOOKCASES CAN BE PURCHASED BY DEFERRED PAYMENTS.

Write for ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, containing fullest particulars of MINTY Bookcases, including various period styles, at moderate prices.

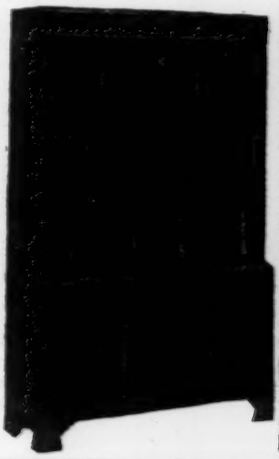
Minty (Dept. 39), 44-45 HIGH STREET, OXFORD

London Showrooms: 123 VICTORIA ST., LONDON, S.W.1

Manchester Showrooms: 5 EXCHANGE ST., MANCHESTER

OTHER STYLES IN MINTY BOOKCASES

These designs show the quietness and restraint most suitable for a library or study. Easily extended, of course. In tune with present-day furnishing, these Bookcases, designed on simple satisfying lines, will still please you twenty years hence—still keep your books clean, ready, orderly.



MINTY BOOKCASE, shown right, Combination 3M. Height 4 ft. 8¼ ins. Width, 2 ft. 11 ins. In Oak.
£7 19s 0d.

FAMOUS FIGURES

In 1585 Sir Richard Grenville was sent by Sir Walter Raleigh to complete the occupation of the newly founded colony which became Virginia, the most famous Tobacco growing state in the world.

Player's No. 3 is another figure easily remembered because of its merits, representing, as it does, a Cigarette of delightful mellowness and flavour, giving always that little extra quality so necessary for complete enjoyment by the critical smoker.

PLAYER'S **NUMBER 3**

PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED

20 FOR 1'4 50 FOR 3'3 100 FOR 6'4 50 TINS PLAIN ONLY 3'4

3.P.28B.

MUSSOLINI

Mussolini
Wishes the League was fini.
The Emperor of Abyssinia
Wishes Mussolini was fini-er.

GOERING

Hermann Goering
Likes his life stoering,
Which is why he will never refews
To go out and persecute Jews.

SQUAW

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 143.—TEDDY BEARS

"Look at my Teddy Bear," said little Phyllis. "It only cost fourpence."

Miss Fogg, the matron of the orphanage, had taken a number of her charges to "Toyland." This is a great place. Everything sold there costs either a penny, or a multiple of a penny, but no article costs as much as a shilling.

"The kids did enjoy it," said Miss Fogg. "I gave each of them the same amount to spend. And I made two rules: each child was to buy the same number of articles, and no two articles bought by any one purchaser were to cost the same amount. I thought that might teach them something about numbers."

"It must have cost you a lot of money," said I.

"Less than a pound," said Miss Fogg. "I'll tell you what did interest me, Caliban. No two kiddies partitioned their money in exactly the same way, yet every method of partitioning it was utilised."

"Phyllis seems to like her Teddy Bear," said I. I did not want to get drawn into a mathematical discussion.

"Yes, doesn't she? Annette, Jean, Emily and Poppet bought exactly similar bears."

How many children went to "Toyland"?

PROBLEM 141.—FISHY

From the data, the total of 20 goals scored for and against the various teams must have been made up in the following six ways:

9	5	3	2	1
8	6	3	2	1
8	5	4	2	1
7	6	4	2	1
7	5	4	3	1
6	5	4	3	2

It follows that the scores in the various matches can only have been as follows:

	S	D	E	K	T	F	Points.
S	—	9 / 1	5 / 7	3 / 6	2 / 4	1 / 2	2
D	1 / 9	—	4 / 5	2 / 3	6 / 2	7 / 1	4
E	7 / 5	5 / 4	—	1 / 2	4 / 1	3 / 8	6
K	6 / 3	3 / 2	2 / 1	—	5 / 8	4 / 6	6
T	4 / 2	2 / 6	1 / 4	8 / 5	—	5 / 3	6
F	2 / 1	1 / 7	8 / 3	6 / 4	3 / 5	—	6

Hence the champions are to be found among the Eels, Kippers, Turbots and Flounders. And these teams, in their matches against one another, score goals "for" and "against" as follows:

Eels	8—11
Kippers	11—15
Turbots	14—12
Flounders	17—12

i.e., the Flounders win the championship.

PROBLEM 140.—FROM AN AFRICAN LOG CABIN

A set of Low's cartoons goes to Ronald Michaelson, 116 Priory Road, N.W.6.

Nine points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

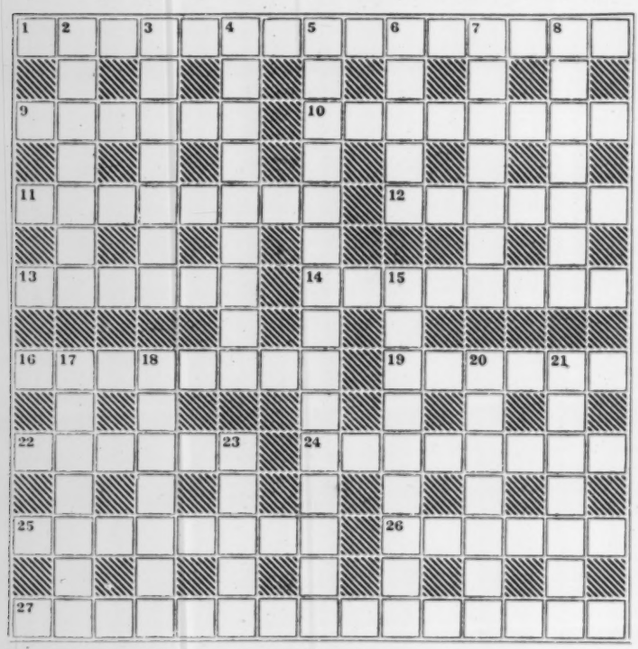
In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 289

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Geoffrey Plackett, Pra Sand, Marazion.

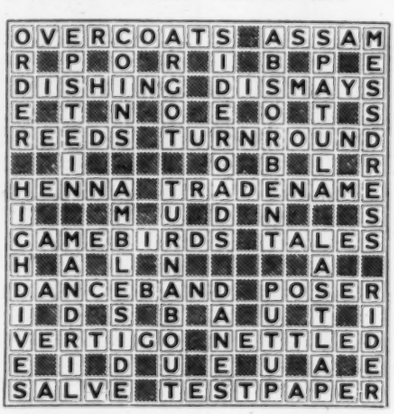
ACROSS

1. Gathering for gathering gratitude.
9. Coward in a cavern.
10. There's no choice of soup after an air raid.
11. Anachronism for a wad of notes.
12. Kicked up rowdily.
13. Partly acted.
14. Unemployment relief goes in rent.
16. There's something wanting in the kid.
19. Swearing made him what he is.
22. Escapes in the company of a bravo I'd shoot on sight.
24. Where you have to go off the rails.
25. Horse radish without the Royal Artillery.
26. As exhilarating as a sea breeze.
27. Highway method of calling on an orator to speak.

DOWN

2. Childish description of the R.A.F. dance.
3. 5/6 ly.
4. Anne darts into the town.
5. How the tailor-bird's nest is sewn no doubt.
6. Beer on board ship.
7. You double between two bad things.
8. A wicked fellow in hell.
15. Penny / Fish.
17. He'll hare along next year of course.
18. Hairy napery so to speak.
20. The stone houses in this place are presumably not built to last.
21. Put to flight a Wessex King all in the day's work.
23. Headgear in South Africa.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD


OVERCOATS ASSAM
R P O R I B P E
DISHING DISMAYS
E T N O E O T S
REEDS TURNROUND
I O B L R
HENNA TRADENAME
I M U D N S
GAMEBIRDS TALES
H A L N A
DANCEBAND POSER
I D S B A U T I
VERTIGO NETTLED
E I D U E U A E
SALVE TESTPAPER

18th ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS in MOSCOW

On November 7th the Soviet peoples celebrate, with the world's greatest mass demonstration, the wonderful achievements in which they are participating.

For this event a special tour will leave London on October 30th — 19 days from £20 inclusive.

Cruise tours to the U.S.S.R. during the autumn, for 2, 3, or 4 weeks, with five days at sea each way, from £1 per day inclusive.

★ Full information from Any Leading Travel Agents, or Intourist Ltd., Bush House, London, W.C.2.

HELP
TO SAVE THOSE IN PERIL AT SEA

You yourself may never be called upon to effect a rescue at sea—yet can you forget that it is a part of the daily work of these heroic men?
Are you willing to help them in this magnificent work?
The work costs £250,000 each year, but every penny will help. Send whatever you can afford.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION,
Life-Boat House, 42, Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1.

THE EARL OF HARROWBY, Honorary Treasurer. LT.-COL. C. R. SATTERTHWAITE, O.B.E., Secretary.

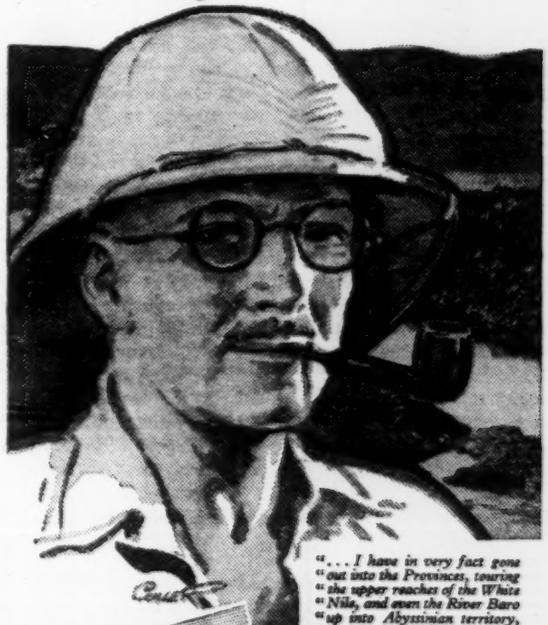
SERVICE

● Food of the best, cooked and served to perfection, and every desired accessory to comfort.

BLENHEIM HOTEL BRIGHTON

Opposite Pavilion Gardens. Close to sea and amusements. The Hotel holds the R.A.C. appointment and terms are moderate. Illustrated tariff will gladly be sent on application to H. P. PENFOLD, Resident Director.

Factory-fresh in Abyssinia!



FROM A SERVICE DOCTOR IN ABYSSINIA

"... I have in very fact gone out into the Provinces, touring the upper reaches of the White Nile, and even the River Baro up into Abyssinian territory, on our Hospital ship. Here, owing to an error, my supply of 'Punchbowls' ★ for one month went to Mongalla... a whole month's misery.

"Now I am touring Kordofan Province, and I have managed to collect an 'iron ration' (against that potential rainy day when I may miss my runners with my mail-bags).

"If 'Punchbowls' has one fault it is that it is too good. I smoke far more than can be good for any man."

Honest North-country Barneys reaches the heart of Africa... *fresh.* When one's job is a medical practice stretching from the Sudan into Abyssinia, the Factory-freshness which the Barneys "EVERFRESH" Tin ensures must seem little short of marvellous!

However remote the place, however difficult its climatic conditions, however unreliable the mails, there is this one thing certain: *Barneys in the "EVERFRESH" Container is the same fresh, fragrant Barneys of the Blending Rooms, constant, unaffected, unchanged... everywhere!*

Barneys is good Tobacco *kept good.* A virtual vacuum within and atmospheric pressure from without keep the "EVERFRESH" Tin *sealed and locked.* And whether that Tin be opened in Abyssinia or Alaska, Barneys awaits you as sweet, fresh and fragrant as on the day it was first packed.

Barneys

★ **Barneys** *(medium)*
Punchbowle *(full strength)*
Parsons Pleasure *(mild)*
In "EVERFRESH" Tins: 1/2 the oz.
"READY-FILLS" in Cartons of 12: 1/2.

BARNEYS EMPIRE
"The best Empire yet"—cool, sweet and satisfying, without harshness or tang. 10½d. oz.
"READY FILLS"—*for perfect pipe-filling*—in Cartons of 12: 10½d.

(210) **Made by John Sinclair Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne.**

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

SUSPENSE AND SUPPOSITIONS—COMMODITY PRICES RISING—COPPER OUTLOOK—MOSUL OIL FIELDS

LET us assume that the suspense has ended—one way or the other. What happens to the stock markets? If the League system breaks down, Great Britain retires into armed isolation and we have an income tax of 5*s.* in the £, £250 millions loan for defence, possibly dearer money, the collapse of the building boom and inglorious prosperity for the armament industries. Probably the general economic position of the country will not be greatly changed. Increased activity in foreign trade will make up for the reaction in the building trades, and the distressed areas will take on a new lease of life working for the "merchants of death." The investment moral of this story is to sell fixed interest securities and buy "equities" in the armament and allied industries. If, however, the League system does not break down, either Mussolini accepts the compromise offered to him under threat of sanctions, or there are naval sanctions in the Mediterranean to make the peace. Supposition (*a*) implies an immediate recovery in all markets (no investor will worry about what happens to the poor Abyssinians): supposition (*b*) an immediate slump in all markets, particularly the gilt-edged. The wise investor, I suggest, would take advantage of supposition (*a*) by reducing his holdings of long-dated gilt-edged and low-yielding fixed interest, and increasing those of equity shares, and would take advantage of supposition (*b*) by buying selected "equities" at the bargain prices. The equity shares selected would belong to the cement, asbestos, base metal, engineering, aircraft, and shipbuilding industries. Whatever happens, this country is bound to spend more on armaments—let us only hope that the colossal expensiveness of armed isolation will be avoided—and the risk premium demanded by lenders (affecting all fixed rates of interest) is bound to be increased.

* * *

The investment outlook, confused and complex as it must remain, undoubtedly favours the discriminating holder of equity shares rather than the holder of fixed interest stocks. The commodity price level is rising under the lead of foodstuffs and raw materials. Wheat and copper have become the "stars" in this movement. Liverpool wheat futures are 20 per cent. above the prices ruling in the middle of August. In Chicago the price is now 93⅜ cents per bushel (nearest futures) as compared with 86⅝ cents per bushel a month ago. The rise has been due to the deterioration of crop prospects in North and South America and the price-fixing policy of the Canadian Government. The United States crop is now estimated at 595 million bushels as against an estimate of 608 million bushels a month ago. Canada's crop is estimated to be no better than last year. The Canadian Government fixed the minimum price of the 1935 crop at 87½ cents per bushel for No. 1 Northern wheat. This was the signal for active buying by consumers. Seeing that the requirements of the importing countries during the 1935/6 season will be about the same as in the previous year, while supplies in the exporting countries will be considerably reduced, there is every reason to expect a further rise in wheat prices. In the case of base metals prices may be responding mainly to rearmament demands, but the fact remains that statistical positions are steadily improving.

* * *

The recovery in the American (domestic) price of electrolytic copper to 9 cents per pound is of first-rate importance. This was the price fixed under the old Copper Code. When the N.R.A. was judged unconstitutional by the Supreme Court in May the copper code collapsed, and consumers, anticipating a decline in prices, held off the market. They were rewarded by a price of 7.22 cents in July. In August, however, heavy buying started. Consumers began to stock up, anticipating their copper requirements for some time to come, and by the beginning of September the price had recovered to 8 cents and now, with renewed buying, to 9 cents per pound. The buying is not altogether speculative. Consumption has increased considerably. Now that the American utility companies know where they stand (more or less) under the Utilities Holding Act they will probably resume their capital expenditures and re-enter the copper market upon a bigger scale. British consumption has been steadily increasing as the result of the housing boom, and the European demand has been stimulated more recently by rearmament. The following table shows how far consumption had fallen off since 1929 and how far it has recently increased:

CONSUMPTION OF COPPER
(In Metric Tons)

	U.S.A.	Rest of World.	Total.
1929	1,015.5	875.6	1,891.1
1932	304.8	675.6	980.4
1933	346.3	780.6	1,126.9
1934	371.5	886.1	1,257.6
1935 rate p.a.	431.2*	937.7†	1,368.9†

* Based on first six months' figures.
† Based on first four months' figures.

In July last American consumption amounted to 45,026 tons, or an annual rate of 540,000 tons. In August it increased further. A decline in world stocks last month revealed the startling fact that world consumption is now exceeding world (restricted) production.

* * *

As regards production, the Rhodesian, Belgian Congo and Chilean producers signed a restriction agreement in March, undertaking to reduce their outputs by 30 per cent. from June. The American producers simultaneously made "a gentleman's agreement" to refrain from selling from stock for export until the European price reached the equivalent of 9 cents (about £41 electrolytic or £37½ standard) and to limit exports of primary copper to about 8,000 long tons per month as long as non-American production remained restricted by 30 per cent. The next table sets out the production of the U.S.A. and restricting countries in 1933 and 1934:—

WORLD PRODUCTION
(Metric Tons)

	1933	1934
U.S.A.	211,966	215,000
Canada	134,719	168,000
Chile	163,312	220,000
Africa	179,735	230,000
Total World	1,038,506	1,228,000

World stocks rose this year from 485,100 to 569,378 tons by July 31st, but fell in August to 549,830 tons. If the increase in consumption results in a further decline in world stocks, the restrictions agreement may be terminated in July, 1936.

* * *

An investment interest in copper can be acquired indirectly by buying investment shares such as Amalgamated Metal and Johannesburg Consolidated, and directly (and more speculatively) by buying the shares of producers such as International Nickel, Kennecott, Anaconda, Roan Antelope and Rhokana.

	Prices. Lowest, 1935.	Present.	Earnings 6 months to June 30th, 1935.	Earnings Yield, % per annum.
DOLLAR.				
International Nickel	22¼	30⅞	64 cents	4.16
Kennecott ..	13¾	25½	32 „	2.51
Anaconda	8	21¼	60 „	5.65
STERLING.				
*Roan Antelope ..	22/3	28/6	12.4%	4.35
*Rhokana	4¼	5⅛	6.35%	2.48

* As from June these companies are restricted to an output of 4,200 tons per month. Rhokana output this year has been 5,652 tons per month.

* * *

It is just as well to get the facts accurate even when one comments on oily affairs. The resignation of two directors from Mosul Oil Fields had no political significance. One occurred two months ago and was a matter of office routine; the other occurred for private reasons. The Italian representation on the Board of directors was recently increased because the Italian interests paid the Company's "dead" rent on the concession. Under the terms of the concession the chairman of the Company has to be British and the management in British hands. The French are proposing to build a railway to link up the Mosul Oil Fields with the Syrian coast and the Turkish railways. The oil is a "heavy" one and probably too "heavy" to be pumped through pipelines. I hope that Italy will continue to help finance this British-managed oil company. This is precisely how colonial raw materials should be developed.

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. The Dominant Sex. W., Sat.
ALHAMBRA. Tulip Time. Wed. & Sat.
COLISEUM. BALLET Season. W., Th., Sat.
DRURY LANE. Glamorous Night. W. & S.
DUCHESS. Night Must Fall. Wed., Sat.
GLOBE. Accent on Youth. Wed., Sat.
LYRIC. Tovarich. Wed., Thurs.
PHOENIX. The Unguarded Hour. Thurs., Sat.
QUEEN'S. Wind & the Rain. Wed. & Sat.
S.MARTIN'S. The Two Mrs. Carrolls. Tu., F.
STRAND. 1066 and All That. Tu. & Thurs.
VICTORIA PALACE. Vintage Wine. W. & S.
WYNDHAM'S. Sweet Aloes. Wed. & Sat.

OPERA and BALLET

COLISEUM. Charing X. Tem. Bar 3161.
BALLETS
de Léon WOIZIKOVSKY
and FULL CORPS DE BALLET.
Evg. 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., at 2.30.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Tem. 6404.
THE DOMINANT SEX.
LONDON'S BEST PLAY. (TENTH MONTH).

ALHAMBRA. EVGS. 6.15 & 9. Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
TULIP TIME.
THE FUNNIEST PLAY SEEN FOR YEARS.
GEORGE GEE, STEVE GERAY,
IRAN COLIN, SYDNEY FAIRBROTHER, BERNARD CLIFTON.
Prices (including tax) 10/6 to 1/3. Whitehall 2525.

CAMBRIDGE. BERNARD SHAW SEASON.
Evgs., 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30. (Tem. 6056.)
PYGMALION.
RUN EXTENDED until TUESDAY NEXT.
Next Play, "*THE APPLE CART*," WED., Sept. 25th.

COMEDY. EVENINGS at 8.30. Whi. 2578.
Mats., TUESDAY & FRIDAY at 2.30.
HENRY KENDALL & NANCY O'NEIL in
SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.
OVER 120 PERFORMANCES

DRURY LANE. 8 p.m. Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
MARY ELLIS, IVOR NOVELLO in
GLAMOROUS NIGHT,
with LYN HARDING, BARRY JONES.

DUCHESS. (Tem. 8243.) Evgs. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
EMLYN WILLIAMS in his own Play
NIGHT MUST FALL
MAY WHITTY ANGELA BADDELEY

GLOBE. (Ger. 1592). Evgs. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
Samson Raphaelson's Comedy,
ACCENT ON YOUTH
Nicholas Hannen, Greer Garson, Mary Glynne.

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272.
Evenings at 8.15. 1st Mat., Sept. 26th.
BOBBY HOWES in
"PLEASE TEACHER!"
VERA PEARCE. WYLIE WATSON. BERTHA BELMORE.

LYRIC. (Ger. 3686.) 8.30. Mats., Wed., Th., 2.30.
Gilbert Miller presents
TOVARICH.
CEDRIC HARDWICKE, EUGENIE LEONTOVICH.

PHOENIX. Tem. 8611. EVGS., 8.30. Th., Sat., 2.30.
GODFREY TEARLE, RACHEL BERENDT in
"THE UNGUARDED HOUR"

QUEEN'S. Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. (Ger. 4517.)
THE WIND AND THE RAIN.
London's Longest Run. Now in its 2nd Year.
CELIA JOHNSON. ROBERT HARRIS.

ST. MARTIN'S. Tem. Bar 1443.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Tues. & Fri., 2.30.
THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS
Leslie Banks, Elena Miramova, Louise Hampton.

SAVOY. 8.45. Wed. Thurs., 2.30. (Tem. 8888.)
FLORA ROBSON and OSCAR HOMOLKA in
CLOSE QUARTERS
By W. O. Somin, adapted by Gilbert Lennox.
The play produced by Irene Hentschel.

THEATRES—continued

STRAND. (Tem. Bar 2660.) Smoking.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Tues. & Thurs., 2.30.
1066 AND ALL THAT. A Revue.
"THIS JOYOUS JOKE."—*Daily Telegraph.*

VICTORIA PALACE. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
SEYMOUR HICKS in
VINTAGE WINE,
with JULIA NEILSON.

WYNDHAM'S. Temple Bar 3028.
Evenings 8.30. Matinees, Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
DIANA WYNYARD in
SWEET ALOES, by Jay Mallory.

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981.
LAST WEEK. ELISABETH BERGNER in
"DER TRAUMENDE MUND" (A),
and RAIMU in
"CES MESSIEURS DE LA SANTÉ" (A).

EVERYMAN (Opposite Hampstead Tube Station).
Monday next, September 23rd, for Seven Days,
The French Success, BARCAROLE (A),
with Edwige Feuillere & Pierre Richard-Willm.
Also John Grierson's *WEATHER FORECAST.*

KINGSWAY HALL, Kingsway, W.C.2.
A new Russian première—Alexander Room's
THE GHOST THAT NEVER RETURNS.
(From a story of S. America by Barbusse), also
"*BUILDING THE WHITE SEA-BALTIC CANAL,*"
SAT., SEPT. 21st *only*, at 3, 6, & 8.15 p.m.
Tickets: 3s. 6*d.*, 2s. 6*d.* (bookable), 1s. 6*d.* & 1s. (at doors).
Book now: KINO FILMS LTD.,
84 GRAY'S INN ROAD, W.C.1.

CONCERTS

QUEEN'S HALL.
B.B.C. PROMENADE CONCERTS.
NIGHTLY, at 8.
FORTY-FIRST Season Conducted by
SIR HENRY J. WOOD.
THE B.B.C. SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.
Tickets, 2/-, 3/-, 5/-, 6/-, 7/6 at
B.B.C. BROADCASTING HOUSE, W.1.
Chappell's Box Office, Queen's Hall, & Agents.

REPERTORY THEATRES

CROYDON Repertory.
Evenings 8. Saturday, 5 & 8.15.
The Dover Road. By A. A. Milne.

HARROGATE White Rose Players.
Evenings 8.15. Sat., 6.35 & 9.
Marigold. By F. Allen Harker & F. J. Pryor.

LIVERPOOL Playhouse.
Evenings, 7.45. Sat., 2.30.
Youth at the Helm. By Hubert Griffith.

NORTHAMPTON Repertory.
Evenings 6.30 & 8.50.
Thark. By Ben Travers.

The Repertory Theatres whose announcements appear above are members of The Association of Repertory Theatres. *For information concerning Theatres belonging to this Association, or qualified to belong to it, apply to the Honorary Secretary, Bache Matthews, 7 Tavistock Place, London, W.C.1.*

ART EXHIBITION

1935 EXHIBITION (Artists against War and Fascism.) November 13th—27th. All professional and worker artists are invited to write for particulars, the EXHIBITION SECRETARY, Artists International, 34 South Hill Park, Hampstead, N.W.3.

RESTAURANTS

AH well, if you've not been to RULES you have missed a lot in life. . . . Maiden Lane (Covent Garden). Lunch, Dinner or late Supper (licensed till midnight). Est. 1780.

LITERARY

SELL YOUR BOOKS in the best market. Highest prices paid for review copies etc. KIT'S BOOKSHOP, 64 St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2.

WRITE FOR PROFIT. Send for free booklet. REGENT INSTITUTE (191a) Palace Gate, W.8.

LOANS

PRIVATE ADVANCES AVAILABLE IMMEDIATELY. REGIONAL TRUST LTD. (Regent 5983.) 8 Clifford St., New Bond St., London, W.1.

EXAMINATIONS

THE SOCIETY OF INCORPORATED ACCOUNTANTS AND AUDITORS.
A.D. 1885.
EXAMINATIONS.

Notice is hereby given that the next Examination of Candidates resident in England and Wales will be held in London, Manchester, Cardiff and Leeds on the following dates:—

Preliminary Examination, November 4th and 5th, 1935.
Intermediate Examination, November 6th and 7th, 1935.
Final Examination, November 5th, 6th and 7th, 1935.

Candidates desirous of presenting themselves must give notice to the undersigned on or before October 1st, 1935.

BY ORDER OF THE COUNCIL,
A. A. GARRETT, Secretary.

Incorporated Accountants Hall,
Victoria Embankment,
London, W.C.2.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

BOROUGH OF HASLINGDEN.
APPOINTMENT OF LIBRARIAN.

Applications are invited for the above-mentioned appointment from persons holding the Diploma of the Library Association or its equivalent.

Candidates must have had practical experience in public library work.

Commencing salary, £202 10s. 0*d.* per annum, rising, subject to satisfactory service, by one increment of £12 10s. 0*d.* and three increments of £15 to a maximum of £260 in the case of a male appointment, and (in the case of a female appointment) by one increment of £11 10s. 0*d.* and two increments of £11 to a maximum of £236.

The appointment will be subject to the conditions of service of the Lancashire and Cheshire Provincial Council for the Professional, Technical, Administrative and Clerical Services.

Applications, stating age, experience and professional qualifications, together with copies of three recent testimonials, must be received by the undersigned not later than 10 a.m. on Wednesday, the 25th September, 1935.

GEORGE R. BULL,
Town Clerk.

Municipal Offices,
HASLINGDEN.
6th September, 1935.

THE PRISON COMMISSIONERS are prepared to receive applications for the post of DEPUTY GOVERNOR at H.M. BORSTAL INSTITUTION FOR GIRLS AT AYLESBURY, BUCKS.

Candidates should be women who have had secondary school or University education and some teaching experience. They should be between the ages of 28 to 40, and should be physically fit.

It is of primary importance that they should have had experience of dealing with the more difficult type of working-class girls and should be actuated by a keen desire to help them. The selected candidate will be required, not only to lead and influence girls, but to take part in the administration of the establishment, to teach, and to organise recreation. A knowledge of handicrafts would be of assistance.

The post will be subject to a probationary period of not less than one year.

Salary at the rate of £307 per annum, rising by annual increments to £408, the maximum being obtainable after nine years' approved service. Free unfurnished accommodation or a cash allowance in lieu is provided, also medical attention and medicines under the approved regulations.

The post is pensionable under the usual Civil Service conditions.

Forms of application can be obtained from the SECRETARY, Prison Commission, Home Office, Whitehall London, S.W.1.

Completed forms must reach the Secretary by 15th October, 1935.

AN experiment seeking to deal with unemployment problems from a new angle is in need of the full-time service of a capable financial administrator, having also charge of accounts. The position will not command a competitive salary in the ordinary sense, but a maintenance allowance is being offered. The experience and the service to be rendered are alike unique. State age and fullest details of experience. Box 894, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

VIENNESE woman, 46, lately M.P., trained teacher, organiser, housewife, wants employment in any capacity. Hautmann, Holland, Oxted, Surrey.

SECRETARIAL WORK. Doctor's daughter, nearly 19, well-educated, and with full secretarial training (shorthand, typewriting, French, etc.) desires engagement in private secretarial work, preferably in a philanthropic organisation. Address: MISS H. M. BALME, 166 Cromwell Road, London, S.W.5.

EXPERT WOMAN S. T. (120/50) and correspondent wants evening work (or daily). All-round experience, including Iron/Steel; industrial and music journals; Accounts, Records. Good knowledge German. Min. 2s. 6*d.* hour. Box 896, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

WOMAN graduate wants part time work. Experience, business, administrative, library, literary. Secretarial. Languages. Apply Box 893, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

TYPEWRITING, TRANSLATIONS, &c.

TYPEWRITING
REPORTING, SHORTHAND, DUPLICATING. Technical MSS and Plays a Speciality. Verbatim or condensed reporting. Temporary Shorthand-Typists provided.—METROPOLITAN TYPING AND REPORTING OFFICE, 75 Chancery Lane, W.C.2.
Tel.: Holborn 6182.

AUTHORS' MSS., PLAYS, Etc., accurately and promptly typed by experienced typist.—MRS. BROOKER, 55 Elton Road, Bishopston, Bristol, 7.

DUPLICATING AND TYPEWRITING, Etc. Authors' MSS. and Plays promptly executed. ALL work guaranteed proof-read and checked. Secretaries and all Office Staff, Temporary or Permanent PROMPT SECRETARIAL SERVICES, LTD., 6 Conduit Street, W.1. (Mayfair 3163-4.)

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

Special rates are being offered to advertisers under this heading for an introductory series of small advertisements. Particulars and quotations from Advert. Manager, 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

THACKERAY HOTEL.
OPPOSITE the British Museum, Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Hot and cold water in all Bedrooms. Numerous Private Bathrooms. Bedroom, Bath and Breakfast from 8s. 6d. per night. Illustrated Booklet, "Walks in Old London," on application.

WHERE to Stay in London.—THE LODGE, 21 St. George's Square, S.W.1. Room and Breakfast 5s. a night or 30s. weekly (one night only 5s. 6d.). With dinner 6s. 6d. or 2 guineas weekly.

REFORMED INNS.—Ask for descriptive list (3d. post free) of 180 INNS AND HOTELS, managed by THE PEOPLE'S REFRESHMENT HOUSE ASSOCIATION, LTD., P.R.H.A., LTD. St. George's House, 193 Regent Street, London, W.1.

YORKSHIRE Dales. 1 mile Aysgarth, 8 miles Buckden. Comfortable guesthouse for energetic or restful holidays. Full or partial board residence. SMITH, Warnford, Thoralby, Aysgarth, near Leyburn.

THE OLD MILL CLUB AND HOTEL, West Harnham. SALISBURY
Large Countrified bedrooms with good attendance. Candle-lit 13th Century Refectory for meals. River bathing. Riding. Delightful Trips. Excellent Food. Terms from 3½ gns. per week.

ASHDOWN FOREST, Sussex. Beautiful home for guests, standing in 7 acres. Restful: electric light; central heating; garage; tennis. The Clock House, Nutley, Sussex. Tel.: Nutley 96.

ENGLISH LAKES. Carefree, unconventional holidays under delightful conditions on unique estate. Varied accommodation. Moderate charges. Particulars. LANGDALE ESTATE, Langdale, Ambleside.

TORQUAY, Howden Court, 3 minutes by private path to sea. Sun room. Private bathrooms if required, h. and c. in bedrooms. Tel.: 2807. A.A. appointed.

RYE, Sussex. Old Hope Anchor Hotel. Sunny, comfortable. Quiet situation. Lovely views. H. and c. water all bedrooms. A.A. 'Phone 126.

JOHN FOTHERGILL, MARKET HARBORO', invites people going North and South, East and West, to use the Three Swans. Now delightful: h. & c. water, fixed and odd meals always.

CHAPEL RIDDING GUEST HOUSE, WINDERMERE. Beautiful position; large grounds; garage; central heating, all comforts. Moderate terms. Resident owners. Telephone: W'mere 285.

BOURNEMOUTH, Loughtonhurst. West Cliff Gdns. Entirely vegetarian. H. & C. ALL bedrooms. Write MANAGER for inclusive Tariff.

AT ONICH, in the West Highlands, 10 miles from Fort William, there is a small and comfortable hotel, beautifully situated on the shores of Loch Linnhe. Full particulars from MISS VELLACOTT, Onich Hotel, Onich, Inverness-shire.

MENDIPS. Anglo-French family take Guests, 17th cent. farmhouse, electric light, h. and c. most rooms, exc. cuisine, from 45s. Riding, golf. WYNDHAMS, Shepton Mallet 57, Somerset.

BEAUTIFUL BUTTERMERE. Ideal for an early holiday. Travel via Carlisle and Cockermouth. Victoria Golf Hotel. Hot water and electricity in all bedrooms.

THE West of Ireland, Achill Island, finest coast scenery in Western Europe. Stimulating for artists and writers. Eighteen hours from London. Constant hot water, 2 bathrooms. Specially reduced winter terms. MISS T. BLACKHAM, Amethyst House Hotel, Keel, Achill.

WINCHELSEA. Molly and Anthony Thomas have enlarged Petronilla's. H. & C. water and electric fires in bedrooms. Faces due south. Telephone: Winchelsea 24.

LITTLE Picket, Linkside, Hindhead. Small Guest House. Charming, warm and very comfortable. Telephone: 262.

CAPEL CURIG, Towers Guest House, grounds 70 acres. Conducted excursions (optional), evening entertainments, liberal table, hard tennis court, free trout fishing. Terms, 55s. Open all the year. Prog. Free. Tel. 26. N. S. KERR.

IF the evenings are chilly, you can be sure of a good fire at THORSHILL HOTEL, HINDHEAD, Surrey. 'Phone: 545.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

FITTLEWORTH, Sussex. Fortrie Guest House. Real country. Comfort, good beds and cooking. Breakfast in bed if desired. 'Phone 61.

RIVIERA.—Sea Hotel, Cap Martin, facing full south in own grounds direct on sea. Large roof terrace with magnificent views. Buses to Menton and Monte Carlo. Pension from 30 frs. Special terms by arrangement.

SHOPPING BY POST

DESSERT APPLES, Worcesters, sweet, crisp and crimson, 10 lb., 6s. 6d., carr. pd.; 20 lb. 10s., carr. fwd. William Pears at same prices. LESLIE CLARK, Walters Farm, Galleywood, Essex.

BLANKETS — NEVER BEFORE OFFERED — Blankets which WON'T SHRINK, are MOTH-PROOF, and ODOURLESS! Guaranteed 3 years, satisfaction or money back. 8 beautiful Shades; or White; or White with Coloured Borders. All pure Lamb's wool. From 17/6 pair. Ask your Draper to show you "MODERNA" Blankets. Send p.c. for interesting FREE BOOKLET, "6 Ways to Make a Bed." YORKSHIRE SALES CORPORATION, LTD., Dept. 6, Parkwood Mills, Longwood, near Huddersfield, Yorks.

BIG SAVINGS ON WINTER UNDERWEAR.—Thrifty Buyers!—Save shillings in the £ by purchasing your household's Underwear direct from the Makers. This Autumn, lowest prices ever!—Send postcard for Illustrated Catalogue and Free Patterns of lovely "B–P" Underwear, and judge quality and price for yourself. Best British workmanship and dependable. Every style and every size, for Women, Children, Men. Outsizes a speciality. Pure Wool, Mixtures, or Art Silk. Beautifully soft, silky, warm, long-lasting, and GUARANTEED AGAINST SHRINKAGE. ("They wash and wear so well," writes a customer.) Complete satisfaction or money back. Our Free Patch Service adds months of extra wear.—Write to BIRKETT & PHILLIPS, Ltd., Dept. N.S., Union Rd., Nottingham.

JOHN PEEL TWEEDS—woven from pure Cumberland wool, warm and weather resisting. Full suit length 35s. 6d. or 10s. 6d. per yard, 56in. wide. Send for patterns. REDMAYNE & SONS, LTD., No. 10, Wigton, Cumberland.

MACKIE'S CASTLE SHORTBREAD is the famous EDINBURGH SHORTBREAD in thick fingers. It has had an instant popularity.
Per tin by inland post 3s.
Foreign postages on request.
J. W. MACKIE & SONS, LTD.
108 Princes Street, Edinburgh 2.

MISCELLANEOUS

POTTERY KILNS—for exact control of temperatures and ease of operation, Royce and Browne Electric Pottery Kilns are unsurpassed. Inexpensive to buy and maintain. Guarantee with every Kiln. Easy payments. Kilns and Furnaces of all kinds. Continuous Kilns. ROYCE AND BROWNE, Grafton Mews, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1. Tel.: Museum 0345.

INDIVIDUAL or group lessons in Russian given by experienced native diplômée at very low rates. Box 895, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

LADY would like few children, 5–6 years, to join her boy in a group for musical and physical activities, 2 afternoons weekly. Apply MACLEOD, 144 Sutherland Ave., W.9.

WRITER (22) wishes to meet another to discuss Sociology, Philosophy and Literature. Box 898, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

THE CASANI SCHOOL OF BALLROOM DANCING. 90 Regent Street (Piccadilly Circus). Private Lessons daily, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., in all the latest ballroom dances. Guaranteed to teach you steps of any dance in THREE PRIVATE LESSONS, £1 1s 0d. Practice Classes every Tuesday, 8.30 to 10.30 p.m. 3s. 'PHONE REGENT 4438–9.

HAVE YOU COCKROACHES? Then buy "BLATTIS" UNION COCKROACH PASTE, universally and successfully used in all parts of the Globe, extermination guaranteed; from Chemists, Boots' Branches, Stores, or Sole Makers: Howarths, 473 Crookesmoor, Sheffield. Tins 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., post free.

CHARITIES

FACTORY GIRLS' COUNTRY HOLIDAY FUND. Chairman, Lady Loch. FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED. Several of the poorest working girls and women hoping for a week or more at the sea during the next few months. Convalescent cases sent throughout the year. Gifts thankfully acknowledged by the HON TREASURER, or MISS CANNEY, M.B.E., 75 Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

FOR SALE, TO LET AND WANT

MODERNISM WITHOUT ECCENTRICITY. IN CLOTHES, Furnishing and Decoration fluctuations of fashion are tolerable. In bu especially in houses, they are a danger, for w fashion changes, the house remains, to be hated by its owner and laughed at by his friends. Good taste in house architecture must be based on tradition. WELWYN houses are modern but never aggressively so. They may be purchased for £350 to £2,300, or rented for £55 to £120 p.a. A.B.C. Guide from N. S. HOWARD, Estate Office, Howardsgate, Welwyn, Herts.

STANMORE

A Delightful Place to Live

Only 10 miles from London—yet 500 feet above sea level. A charming estate surrounded by trees. Grand views. Gravel soil. Each house built has been designed by eminent architects. A number of plots still for sale at prices from £250 Freehold. Apply LAWES & SON, LTD., Upcroft Avenue, Edgware.

HOUSE TO LET, unfurnished (or would be sold at very moderate price), 5 bedrooms, 2 large reception, panelled hall, garage, electricity and gas, all modern conveniences, well-stocked garden. £90 per annum plus rates (only 8s. 8d. in £). Near Stations; Whitgift and Croham Hurst Schools. Half-hour London. Ring Sanderstead 1368 or write Box 903, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

OXFORD. To let, furnished for Academic year, excellent house; exceptionally low rent; one minute University Parks; garage; good garden; central heating; electric power; two bathrooms. HODGKIN, 20 Bradmore Road, Oxford.

TWO delightful bed-sitting rooms to let furnished on slope of Sussex Downs, large windows, balcony, garage. Views of Downs, trees and sea. Ideal for writers. Use of kitchen and bathroom. Apply Box 882, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

IN house of my neighbour, 2 furnished rooms, 10s. Limited amount good cooking, service and laundry if required. Near Lingfield. SWELL, Felcourt, E. Grinstead.

OVERLOOKING RAVENSCOURT PARK, W.6. A unique, compactly modernised, quiet, sunny house. 4 good bedrooms, h. & c. everywhere. Living room 27 × 17. Dining room 12.9 × 10. Nice secluded, sunny garden. Near all bus, tram and train routes, but no through traffic past the house. £120 p.a. or reasonable quiet tenant. MORTON & WATERS, 310 King St., Hammersmith, W.6.

EALING. Lady has large room in charming modern flat, suit one or two—meals, service as required. 5 Ravenscourt, Hamilton Road, W.5.

TEMPLE. Furnished Basement Flat to let, bed-sitting-room, bathroom, kitchenette; plate, linen. 1 guinea a week. Box 899, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

CLOSE Victoria Station, attractively furnished Mews Flat, 3 rooms, kitchen and bathroom. All electric. 50s. weekly. Whitehall 6407.

TO be let for rehearsals, auditions, etc., LARGE STUDIO, 19 ft. × 15 ft., Blomfield Rd., Maida Vale, 5 mins. from Marble Arch. 2s. per hour. Write Box P.99, Scripps's, South Molton St., W.1.

FURNISHED or unfurnished. Modern self-contained bachelor flat. Magnificent view Regents Park. Prim. 6081 before 9, after 6.

W.C.1. Large well furnished bed-sitting room with use of kitchen offered to one lady. Private Maisonette in Premier Square, Service C.H.W. Use of Gardens. 27s. 6d. or near offer from suitable tenant Box 897, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

TO LET. Comfortable furnished bungalow. Modern conveniences. Electric light and cooker. Facing the Green. Large garden. Apply ESTATE OFFICE, The Green, Jordans, Bucks.

A LARGE Sunny Garden Room with kitchen and box cupboard, from 25s.; also a double room, furnished. 22 Belsize Avenue.

LONDON, W.C.1. 2 quiet, very attractive bed-sitting rooms. From 17/6. Ring PRIMROSE 1043.

LARGE furnished bed-sitting room in quiet, Bloomsbury flat. C.h.w. Bed and breakfast, 25s. 'Phone Holborn 9438.

J. & E. BUMPUS Ltd.
BOOKSELLERS TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING.
477 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1.
The new shop is on the left going towards Marble Arch, between North Audley St. and Park St.
Telephone: Mayfair 3601.

Books on political and economic questions of the day can be seen at Bumpus. Information about books is always available, and lists on particular subjects can be compiled. Good books of all kinds are kept in stock at Bumpus.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

A Postal Subscription to any address in the world costs
One Year, post free - - - - - 30s. 0d.
Six months „ „ - - - - 15s. 0d.
Three „ „ „ - - - - 7s. 6d.
All communications relating to the above should be addressed to
The Manager
THE NEW STATESMAN & NATION
10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1

Charge for classified advertisements is One Shilling and Sixpence per line per insertion (a line averages ... words). One line should be added for Box Number. Special reduction for a series of insertions. Copy first post Wednesday. The Advert. Manager, N.S. & N., 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. (Hol. 3216.)

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

F.P.S.I. Lectures, 1935–36
on Wednesdays at 8 p.m., at Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1.
Oct. 9th, C. E. M. Joad on "Liberty To-day." Chairman: Prof. J. C. Flugel.
Oct. 23rd, Norman Haire on "Sex Acts and Sex Ethics." Chairman: A. A. Burall.
Nov. 13th, Barbara Wootton on "The Future of Economic Thought." Chairman: To be announced later.
Nov. 27th, W. B. Curry on "Education for World Citizenship." Chairman: Mrs. E. M. Hubback.
Dec. 11th, Joseph Waldmann on "A German View of British Socialism." Chairman: Janet Chance.
Jan. 8th, Aldous Huxley on "The Nature and Limitations of the Influence of Books on their Readers." Chairman: Dora Russell.
Jan. 22nd, Dora Russell on "A Left Wing Policy for Education." Chairman: J. B. Coates.
Feb. 5th, Arnold Forster on "World Airways." Chairman: Frank Hardie.
Feb. 19th, Dr. Bjarne Braatoy on "Socialism in Scandinavia." Chairman: Barbara Wootton.
March 4th, Sir Norman Angell on "Can We Get Common Action against War." Chairman: Capt. Basil Hall, R.N.
Mar. 18th, Geoffrey Boumphrey on "Towns of To-morrow." Chairman: F. E. Towndrow.
Apl. 1st, Gerald Heard on "A Psychology for Progressives." Chairman: To be announced later.
Tickets from Sec., Federation of Progressive Societies, 475 Oxford Street, W.1. MAY. 3110. Course of 12 Lectures, Members 5s., Non-members 10s. Half-course, Members 2s. 6d., Non-members, 5s. Single lectures, 1s. Early application necessary to avoid disappointment.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION LECTURES
(University of London).
Over eighty Courses of Lectures on various periods or aspects of:—
HISTORY; LITERATURE; BIBLICAL STUDIES; PHILOSOPHY; ECONOMIC, POLITICAL AND SOCIAL SCIENCE; PAINTING; ARCHITECTURE; PSYCHOLOGY
will be delivered in various parts of London and the suburbs, afternoon and evening.

Particulars may be obtained free on application to the University Extension Registrar (Dept. 6), University of London, W.C.2.

MORLEY COLLEGE, 61 Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.1.
CLASS LECTURES: TUESDAYS at 8 p.m. Oct. 8th, 15th inc.: THE UNITED STATES TO-DAY, S. K. Ratcliffe. Oct. 22nd to Dec. 10th: TWENTIETH-CENTURY LONDON, Various Lecturers. 1936—Jan. 14th to Feb. 4th: THE CINEMA, Alistair Cooke. Feb. 25th to Mar. 31st: HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS ABROAD, Nevill Whall.
Course tickets 2s. 6d.; single lectures 1s.
Evening classes in departments of Politics, Economics, History, Art, Drama, Literature, Philosophy, Psychology, Science, Languages, Music, Gymnastics and Dancing.
Prospectus giving full details of the educational, social and athletic activities of the College may be obtained on application to the SECRETARY.

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.—Sunday, September 22nd, at 11 a.m.: PROF. H. LEVY: "IS REASON ENOUGH?" Admission Free. Visitors welcome.

GUILDHOUSE, Eccleston Square, S.W.1. Sunday, September 22nd at 6.30 p.m. DR. MAUDE ROYDEN: "The Standard of Christ: Truth."

SCHOOLS AND EDUCATIONAL

BADMINTON SCHOOL, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol.
A Public School for Girls. (Founded 1858.)
Visitor, The Right Hon. the Viscount Cecil of Chelwood, P.C., K.C., M.A., D.C.L., LL.D.
President of the Board of Governors: Gilbert Murray, Esq., LL.D., D.Litt., F.B.A., Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford.
Head Mistress: Miss B. M. Baker, B.A.
Sound education is combined with preparation for world citizenship, full advantage being taken of School Journeys abroad and of the proximity of the City and University of Bristol for cultural, educational and social purposes. Girls of non-British nationality are welcome in the community.

ALPINE COLLEGE
ARVEYES-VILLARS, Switzerland. 4,100 feet. Boys, 12–19. Individual Education and care. Modern Languages. Examination Coaching. Character. Health. Sports. Headmaster: J. M. S. BARNARD, M.A. (Cantab.).

BRECHIN PLACE SCHOOL for Girls and Boys.—Apply MRS. E. M. SPENCER, 11 Brechin Place, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.

SCHOOLS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS
TUTORS FOR ALL EXAMS.
Prospectuses and reliable information forwarded free of charge.
The age of the pupil, district preferred, and rough idea of fees should be given.
J. & J. PATON, Educational Agents, 143 Cannon Street, London, E.C.4. Tel.: Mansion House 5053

KING ARTHUR'S SCHOOL for Girls and Boys. Sound education on modern lines. Apply: MISS WALKERDINE, B.A., 10 Bolton Gardens, S.W.5.

Stability!

THE LONDON & LANCASHIRE INSURANCE Co LTD

Insure with Confidence

ABSOLUTE SECURITY

Chief Administration:
7, CHANCERY LANE
LONDON

SCHOOLS—continued

MALTMAN'S GREEN, GERRARD'S CROSS. *Head Mistress*: MISS CHAMBERS, Girton College, Cambridge, late Head Mistress of the Huddersfield High School. The aim of this school is to develop the character, intellect, and healthy growth of the child for the good of the community, to encourage self-expression, to increase resource and initiative by practical work. The girls will be prepared for the Universities, the Medical Profession, and for advanced work in Music, or Art. Fees include Elocution, Dancing, Cookery. Gerrard's Cross is 300ft. above sea level and is on gravel soil. The house is delightfully situated in its own grounds of 15 acres.

THE GARDEN SCHOOL, WYCOMBE COURT, LANE END, BUCKS. Boarding School for Girls (ages 4-18) in lovely part of Chiltern Hills. 61 acres. 550ft. above sea-level. Sound education on free individual lines, with scope for initiative and creative self-expression in all subjects, including arts, crafts, music, dancing, eurhythmics. Aims: at developing harmonised cultured personalities with a wide outlook on life and a high ideal of social usefulness. Fees £105–165 per annum.

KESWICK SCHOOL. English Lakes. All-round education in perfect surroundings; boys and girls, 6–18. Fees £82 (or less).

ST. CHRISTOPHER SCHOOL, LETCHWORTH (recognised by the Board of Education). A thorough education for boys and girls to 19 years, at moderate fees in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom and progress. Headmaster: H. LYN HARRIS, M.A., LL.B. (Camb.).

BEACON HILL SCHOOL, Boyle's Court, South Weald, Essex (nearest village, Great Warley). Co-educational, from two years. Applies modern knowledge in diet, psychology and teaching methods. Moderate fees, easily accessible, but in lovely country surroundings. Majority of trained staff with five years' experience in the school itself. Inquiries to DORA RUSSELL, Principal.

L'AVENIR, Chesières-Villars, Switzerland. Altitude 4,100 feet. A home-school giving specialised care to delicate or "difficult" children. Dr. Hamshere will be in London for interviews from September 20th to 27th. Address: c/o Overseas Club, Park Place, St. James Street.

HAWNES SCHOOL, AMPTHILL. Public School on individual lines for girls from 10–19. Playing fields park, woodland, 93 acres. Riding, swimming. Girls are prepared for the usual examinations and for University entrance or may specialise in Languages, Art, Music, Domestic Science. Fees £120–£180 p.a.

THE LAURELS, RUGBY. Girls 8–18, carefully prepared for home life or professional careers. Large, efficient staff. Individual attention. Good buildings and grounds. Prospectus on application to the PRINCIPALS.

SCHOOLS—continued

THE FROEBEL PREPARATORY SCHOOL, Colet Gardens, W.14.
2 Minutes from Baron's Court Station.
Demonstration School of the Froebel Educationa Institute.
Chairman: C. G. Montefiore, Esq., D.D., D.Litt.
Principal: Miss E. M. Jebb, M.A., Oxon.
Headmistress: Miss O. B. PRIESTMAN, B.A., N.F.U.
Day school for boys and girls from 6–14 years with Kindergarten and Transition Classes for younger children and a Nursery Class where those aged 2–5 years may spend the whole school day.
Recognised by the Board of Education.

BROOKLANDS, Crowborough, Sussex. Pre-prep. school and all-year-round home. Sound early education and careful training. Boys 3–10. Girls 3–12. Trained staff. Exceptional health record. Beautiful surroundings. Apply SECRETARY.

BEDALES, Petersfield, Hants. The pioneer co-educational Public School (founded 1893). Separate Junior House. For particulars, apply to the Headmaster.

PINEWOOD, Crowborough, Sussex. 700ft. a.s.l., adjoining Ashdown Forest. Progressive Home school for boys and girls, 3–12 years. Individual education. Open-air life. Entire charge taken. Apply Principals.

DR. WILLIAMS' SCHOOL, DOLGELLEY, NORTH WALES.
Recognised by Board of Education.
Headmistress:
MISS E. CONSTANCE NIGHTINGALE, M.A.
Endowed School. Moderate inclusive fee for board, tuition and books.
Junior Department, ages five to ten.

TRAINING CENTRES

BIRKBECK COLLEGE.
(University of London.)
Principal. GEORGE SENTER, D.Sc., Ph.D., F.I.C.
Evening Courses for the Degree of the University of London in the
FACULTIES OF ARTS, SCIENCE AND LAWS.
Courses in Classical French, English, German and Italian Literature and Languages.
Open to Non-University Students.
Studentships to the value of over £800 are awarded annually to students of the College.
Calendar, 1s.: by post, 1s. 4d. Prospectus free.
For full particulars apply to the SECRETARY:
BIRKBECK COLLEGE, FETTER LANE, E.C.4.

MARX MEMORIAL LIBRARY AND WORKERS SCHOOL.
WINTER SESSION
OPENS MONDAY, OCTOBER 7th.
(ENROLMENTS TAKEN during Week of Sept. 30th—Oct. 7th.)
TEN SEPARATE COURSES
of
DAY AND EVENING CLASSES
on
POLITICAL ECONOMY: DIALECTICAL MATERIALISM; TRADE UNIONISM; BRITISH WORKING-CLASS POLITICS, etc., etc.
LECTURERS include: JOHN STRACHEY, R. PAGE ARNOT, ALICK WEST, T. A. JACKSON.
TOPICAL LECTURES every SUNDAY EVENING at 7.30 p.m.
NEXT SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 22nd, R. BRIDGEMAN on "ABYSSINIA."
WRITE OR CALL FOR PROSPECTUS.
MARX HOUSE,
CLERKENWELL GREEN, E.C.1.

CIVIL SERVICE CAREERS. Postal training for 1936 examinations now commencing. EXECUTIVE CLASS, Spring, 1936: 18 and under 19 on March 1st. 1936: both sexes; £160 rising to £530. CUSTOMS AND EXCISE, Spring, 1936: 19 and under 21 on March 1st. 1936: men only: £175 to £570. TAX INSPECTORATE, July, 1936: 21 and under 24 on September 1st, 1936: both sexes: £230 to £700 and upwards. CLERICAL CLASS, September, 1936: 16 and under 17 on March 1st, 1936: both sexes: £90 to £330, with promotion prospects. Booklet free from CIVIL SERVICE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL, 83a, Charlwood Street, S.W.1. Over 100 C.S.C.S. students gained appointments in last three months.

THE QUEEN'S SECRETARIAL COLLEGE,
255 CROMWELL ROAD, S. KENSINGTON, S.W.5.
provides an efficient training in delightful surroundings
ALL SECRETARIAL SUBJECTS TAUGHT.
Prospectus on application. *Frobisher 3642*

CIVIL Service. Tax Inspector Group Results, 1935.
FIRST PLACE, and five others
DAVIES'S, 5/7 Sussex Place, W.2. Pad. 3215–6.

THE BEDFORD TRAINING COLLEGE FOR TEACHERS, 14 The Crescent, Bedford. Recognised by the Board of Education. Principal: MISS MARGARET SPENCE. Students are prepared for the examination of the National Froebel Union. The course of training is for 3 years. Fees with residence £94 10s. to £100 16s. Fees without residence £31 10s.—For particulars apply SECRETARY.

THE SCHOOL, DARTINGTON HALL, TOTNES, SOUTH DEVON. A department for the training of teachers in Nursery School, Kindergarten and Junior School Methods. Instruction is offered in the theory and practice of progressive education. Special attention is paid to the contributions of the new schools of psychology and to the utilisation for education of rural life and industries. Preparation for Higher Certificate National Froebel Union. Further particulars on application.

THE BEDFORD PHYSICAL TRAINING COLLEGE, 37 Lansdowne Road, Bedford. Principal MISS STANSFELD. Students are trained in this College to become teachers of gymnastics. The course of Training extends over 3 years and includes Educational and Medical Gymnastics, Massage, Dancing, Hockey, Lacrosse, Cricket, Tennis, Netball, etc. Fees £165 per annum. For prospectus apply SECRETARY.